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THE SHAH RECEIVED BY THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The author of "Hadji Baba in England" had peculiar opportunities of observing the Persian character, and when the Ambassador to whom he was (officially) attached departed from us he did not spare his Excellency; but Mirza Aboul Hassam was, in truth, a remarkable man, and a much more intelligent specimen of his race than has been seen here since. His initial difficulty, however—the want of pomp in his reception, which has certainly not been wanting to our present Persian guest—was a grievance he never got over. He enjoyed his journey from Plymouth amazingly (which his suite did not, for having pulled up the glasses in their coach to amuse themselves they could not get them down again, and were very nearly suffocated); but on approaching London he was always looking out for an "Istakball" (a deputation of welcome), which he never got. "One would think," he said, "I was a smuggled bale of goods." But, save for that little shortcoming, he appreciated us very much. When entertained in Mr. Morier's simple home by his wife and daughters, who seem to have provided nothing for his delectation beyond the spectacle of their domestic virtues, and a little music in the evening, he exclaimed, "What more could anybody wish for?" Unhappily, however, it is not quite certain that he spoke seriously, for he was a bit of a wag. At the opera, Peter the Great and his wife happened to be represented on the stage, which delighted him; and he wrote home to the Shah that his Majesty's greatest enemy, the Emperor of Russia, had been made to dance before him. He persuaded the Turkish Ambassador to go and see it, "because the Grand Vizier was made in it to sell his country," a proceeding so natural and characteristic that "I felt it could hardly fail to please him." Upon the whole he admitted that the English had better looking-glasses than the Persians, who, on the other hand, were not so much in want of light, "because they saw the sun every day." Though his visit to us took place so long ago, he had good manners, nor were any of his customs disgusting.

A charming work, called "Baby's Record," lies before me. It has the enormous advantage of containing only about a dozen pages of letterpress, and lines that often consist of but a single word. If brevity is the soul of wit, the book should be one epigram. To bachelors, indeed, it will be full of fun on other accounts—and, I fear, to some fathers; but to mothers it will be a sacred volume. The majority of its pages are blanks, but they will be filled in by the maternal pen with pride and joy. Then it will combine the honours of print with the preciousness of an illustrated MS., for it has Baby's picture on every leaf. Names and dates will have to be filled up—a labour of love, indeed—but the ingenious author, and presumably much-married man, has supplied the other items, as in a washing-book. "Place of birth," "Time of birth" (to a second), "Weight," "Length," "Breadth" (across *where*, one wonders!), "Colour of eyes," "Colour of hair" (if any), "Nurse's name" (a pretty touch) and "Doctor's name," "Pet names" (the baby's, of course, and not the doctor's). I have thus transcribed the whole of the first page, in defiance of the laws of copyright.

In many books, the farther one goes the worse one fares; but this is not the case with "Baby's Record": the plot thickens, the incidents multiply, as we go on. "Early incidents—First crawl"—the art of locomotion in a nutshell: he moves his arms, he moves his legs, by Gemini! (for he may be a twin) he moves altogether. "First walk." This is even still more full of rapture. From sofa to chair, from chair to mamma's knee, he sways and toddles, as though milk punch instead of milk had been what he throve on. The poet who wrote "The Flowers" describes it, if less graphically, with greater grace—

The dear, lumpy baby, humming like the May bee,
Meets us with his bright stare, stumbling through the grass.

He does totter and lurch a bit—he has not got his land-legs on yet—but how delightfully he does it to his mother's eyes! "First word": Good Heavens! he says "Dada," and (forgetting Balaam's ass) she imagines that he has established his superiority over the brute creation. Let us hope that that "big, big D" will never pass his lips in another form, and with less obvious effort. "First hair-cutting." Also a great event; every hair will be religiously preserved and put into a locket—a thing that never happens to me, alas! though there is not, as in his case, "plenty more where that came from." The entrancing chapter ends with "First visit to the sea" and "First ride"—presumably on a donkey.

"Vaccination, by whom performed," is a subject at present of engrossing public interest; but how Baby "takes" is of infinitely more importance to her to whom this volume is addressed than any division the House of Commons may come to in Committee. "Measles, mumps, and other ailments" are topics also to be fondly dwelt upon; but (literally) above all things is "The first upper tooth." Oh, joy! when it first comes through! The diamond in the Shah's fez is valueless compared with it! So we go on down to "The fourth lower tooth" (when Baby may be said to be carnivorous) and to "The first tooth lost," let us hope in the course of Nature, and not by a back-hander.

Then comes education: "Name of first teacher, name of second teacher." It is probable that this gentleman's name was never before recorded in any volume. Then "Leaning to what profession or calling." The remarks will here be voluminous. My experience is that a boy changes his views about his "future" at least as often as the professional theologian, and of course his mother changes hers accordingly. Should he spill the ink, she writes down "a literary ambition"; if he loves a popgun, "a martial bent"; and if he makes it himself out of a piece of elder-wood, "a military engineer." Then there is his "First cricket-match," his "First football-match," and his "First game of chess"; but not a word about his whist,

nor even his first match with his pretty cousin, which, of course, is broken off. Then come "His faults" and "His virtues." There are six lines accorded to the former, but they will never be filled up, we may be sure; his virtues (which proves the sagacity and foresight of the author) have two pages and a half devoted to them. The girl-baby is, of course, provided for in the little volume, but (which increases my admiration for the author's intelligence) by no means to the same extent. Woman may be the equal of man, and even his superior, but not in the eyes of a mother who possesses a baby boy.

The indifference of politicians to letters—unless they spell votes in the House of Commons—is proverbial. A few of them have given their attention to the ancient classics; but the literature of their own land has seldom, indeed, had the honour of attracting their attention. A more shameless cynicism, however (since the day on which Lord Palmerston confessed it seemed to him that the case of the Poet Close was parallel to that of Burns), has never been exhibited than the late refusal on the part of the Government to supply the Society of Authors with a copy of the official regulations respecting the Civil List Pensions. The application arose from its declining to grant a pension to the widow of a distinguished novelist upon the ground that "writers of novels, unless they were historical, were not entitled to the benefits of the fund. The principles kept in view in recent years," it was so imprudent as to add, "had been to confine the pensions to authors of a scientific and technical character." This may have been the principle; but as one-third of the pensions have in recent years been given to novelists, it can hardly have been the practice. Moreover, as not more than half-a-dozen historical novels have (one is thankful to know) been published in the last quarter of a century, they cannot have been historical novelists. The Government, if desirous to give further information, might have also stated that the remaining two-thirds of the annual sum set aside for "Literature, Science, and Art" has been chiefly given to the widows of military men, or of members of the aristocracy who have left their wives in circumstances comparatively straitened, but which to a literary man would seem to be affluence. The refusal to supply the regulations, since it is probable these grants have been given in direct defiance of them, is therefore natural enough; while the introduction of the "historical novelist" into the matter is admirably characteristic. An historical novelist is almost a politician, and is therefore thought a good deal more of by the official mind than those who describe their fellow-creatures as they are. The holding the mirror up to Nature, as it is, has been always held to be a menial employment. "While the abridger of the nine hundred and ninety-ninth edition of the History of England," writes Jane Austen, "is eulogised by a thousand pens, there seems a general agreement to slight the performances which have only genius, wit, and taste to recommend them." The agreement is no longer general, but it still exists in political circles. Among them "Windsor Castle" and "The Tower of London" are probably held superior (not that they have read either of them, but from their titles) to "Vanity Fair" and "David Copperfield." It is quite probable that nothing will be done in the House of Commons respecting these withheld regulations. If an apple should be rolled out of an old woman's basket in a collision with the police, half that august assembly would be stirred to its depths with righteous indignation: but as the matter concerns only literary persons, out of whom no political capital is to be made, we shall probably hear no more about it.

The notices upon the Thames Embankment addressed to the crowd on the occasion of the Shah's visit were just what they should be: "Save the trees. The public are requested to protect their own property." This is much better than threatening people with the police, for it reminds them of their duties as fellow-citizens—a subject on which, as far as I can learn, the School Boards are entirely silent, though so many of us need to be taught it. Offences against the public good should be punished more severely than others, whereas, unfortunately, the reverse is the case. The first recognition of this sentiment of self-protection was made at Hampton Court, by the direction (I believe) of the late Lord Lytton: "The public are expected to protect what it is intended for the public to enjoy." But for many years after that there was a notice in Richmond Park that bore away the bell from all its congeners as an example of official snobbism: "Gentlemen are requested, and servants are directed, not to ride upon the grass."

Before these lines meet the reader's eyes Snowden will probably have been sold by auction. If it was Helvellyn, I should have bought it, and called myself henceforward by that territorial title. Snowden has been already appropriated as a surname, in one instance by a jockey—a connection with the turf, but not with the mountain itself. Mountains go cheap in England; I remember one being sold at Wastdale for half-a-crown an acre. Of course it did not produce much beyond crag and boulders; but it commanded a magnificent view. To sit on one's own mountain and look at the view must be a noble experience; far superior to that of sitting under one's own fig-tree—unless there were figs on it. In the case of a popular mountain, like Helvellyn, one would, I suppose, run a wire fence round it, and charge so much a head for gate-money. That is what some landowners in the Lake District seem very much inclined to do with their mountains. The notices (to trespassers) would be printed, of course, in all European languages: "It is expected that the public will cheerfully pay a shilling a head for what is intended for the public to enjoy."

It is intended to open the next exhibition of pastels at the Grosvenor Gallery early in October, and the following artists will form a committee of arrangement: Messrs. J. Aumonier, G. Clausen, J. E. Grace, A. Hartley, A. Hacker, Wm. Llewellyn, J. J. Shannon, and S. J. Solomon.

THE SHAH IN ENGLAND.

The arrival of his Majesty Nasr-ed-din, the Shah of Persia, on his second visit to England, was related in our last week's publication. We described the meeting at Gravesend on Monday, July 1, between the Prince of Wales and his Majesty, who had crossed the sea from Antwerp in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert; their coming up the Thames in the steam-boat Duke of Edinburgh, which had been specially fitted up for the occasion; and how, landing at Westminster Bridge, the Shah was conducted by the officers of the Queen's Household to Buckingham Palace.

Every succeeding day of the week brought its appointed incidents of Royal or civic public hospitality, and of various festivities and entertainments, prepared for the gratification of the Shah, or in compliment to his Majesty, during his stay in London.

On Tuesday, July 2, he went to Windsor, and was received by the Queen at Windsor Castle, where he lunched with her Majesty; in the evening, after his return to London, he witnessed a grand performance of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent-Garden Theatre.

On Wednesday the Shah was conducted in procession from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall of the City of London, where he was received by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and was presented with an address of welcome. His Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, took luncheon with the Lord Mayor, and speeches were made by them, and by the Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury. In the evening the Shah and the Prince of Wales dined at Chelsea House with the Earl and Countess of Cadogan and a distinguished party. There was afterwards a State ball at Buckingham Palace.

On Thursday the Shah held a reception at Buckingham Palace, as he had also done on Tuesday morning, and was presented with addresses from the Jews, the Parsees, and the Armenians residing in London. In the afternoon he went to a brilliant Royal garden party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, where the Queen was present. At a later hour, after dinner, the Shah and their Royal Highnesses were at a private ballet entertainment given by Sir Albert Sassoon at the Empire Theatre.

On Friday his Majesty and the Prince of Wales were at the Kempton Park Races. After returning to London, the Shah dined with the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, in Berkeley-square, and went to a grand musical entertainment at the Royal Albert Hall. Among Lord Rosebery's guests at dinner he met Mr. Gladstone.

On Saturday, July 6, the Shah was at the Crystal Palace, where his appearance excited much popular interest. He dined with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. His Majesty was, after leaving Buckingham Palace on Sunday, the guest of the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield, and next day of Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild, at Waddesdon Manor, near Aylesbury.

The Shah would, after a few days, proceed to Birmingham, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester, Bradford, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, visiting the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Windsor; also the Duke of Westminster at Eaton Hall, near Chester, and Lord Armstrong, at Crag-side, Northumberland, where he would inspect the Elswick shipbuilding works and gun-factory. He would stay at several great houses in Scotland, and would be the guest of her Majesty the Queen, first at Balmoral Castle, finally at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, previously to his departure on July 27.

The illustrations in this number of our Journal represent some of the above-mentioned scenes and incidents of the first week spent by the Shah in England, beginning with Tuesday, July 2, after his reception of the foreign Ambassadors, and of her Majesty's Ministers, at Buckingham Palace.

In his journey to Windsor, on the Tuesday, the Shah travelled by a special train of the Great Western Railway from Paddington, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor of Wales and the Persian Ambassador, Prince Malcom Khan, with Lord De Ros, one of the Queen's Lords-in-Waiting; Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, British Minister in Persia; Sir Henry Rawlinson; and the Grand Vazir of Persia, Mirza Ali Asgher Khan, with the rest of the Persian suite. The Shah wore a dark uniform with a diamond-studded belt, and the Ribbon and Star of the Garter, conferred on him at Windsor sixteen years ago. In his tall hat of Astracan flashed the aigrette of diamonds, and the scabbard of his scimitar was encrusted with gems. The train arrived at Windsor Station, where a guard of honour was mounted, also in the Quadrangle of Windsor Castle. The route from the station to the castle was lined with the Household Troops; and a battery of Artillery was stationed in the Long Walk to salute his Majesty on his arrival and departure. The Shah was received at the station by Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Henry of Battenberg. An address was presented by the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor. The Shah was conducted to the carriage, in which, attended by a field officer's escort of the Life Guards, he proceeded by the Long Walk and through George IV.'s Gateway, to the Queen's Entrance of the castle, where his Majesty was received by the Queen and the Royal family at the foot of the staircase of the entrance.

The Queen was accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Beatrice, the Princess of Leiningen, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein; and was attended by the Duchess of Buccleuch (Mistress of the Robes), the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marchioness of Salisbury, the great officers of State of her Majesty's Household, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting. The Shah was conducted by the Queen to the Green Drawing-Room, where the Persian Minister and principal officers of the Shah were presented to her Majesty. Luncheon was served in the Dining-Room shortly after two o'clock, and an hour later the Shah took leave of the Queen. He afterwards drove to the Royal Mausoleum, at Frogmore, and returned to London.

After dining privately at Buckingham Palace, the Shah went to the Royal Italian Opera, where he was received by the Lord Chamberlain; Mr. Augustus Harris, the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, was also in attendance. His Majesty was met at the theatre by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their sons and daughters. The dresses of the ladies are described in our "Ladies' Column."

The Shah appeared in the Royal box about half-past nine, and took a seat between the Princess of Wales and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Prince of Wales being to the left of his sister. Behind the Shah stood the Persian interpreter. Among those in the Royal box were the three Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Lathom, and Lord Arthur Hill. The musical programme, made up of extracts of works, had no particular artistic interest. The overture to "William Tell" opened the performance. Madame Melba sang the mad scene from "Lucia." The "Leonora" overture of Beethoven, the English National Anthem, and the Persian March were played by the orchestra. The curtain rose for the fourth act of Gounod's "Faust," the first scene of which was performed. The Cathedral scene followed, and the scene of the death of



GARDEN PARTY IN HONOUR OF THE SHAH AT HATFIELD HOUSE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

Valentine, performed by Madame Albani, Madame Scalchi, M. Jean de Reszké, M. Edouard de Reszké, and M. Lassalle. After a short interval, during which the Royal party retired from their box, a concert of four pieces, sung by Madame Marie Roze, Miss Ella Russell, Madame Melba, and Madame Nordica, was given in front of the Drury-Lane act drop of the Fight of the Armada. One act of Boito's opera "Mefistofele" was performed by Miss Macintyre, Madame Scalchi, Signor Castelmari, and Signor A. D'Andrade, ending with "The Witches" ballet. The conductors of the music were Messrs. Mancinelli, Randegger, and Ardit.

The Shah's visit to the City of London enabled great multitudes of people to see him on his way from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall, in the Strand, Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, St. Paul's-churchyard, and Cheapside. His Majesty was in a State carriage drawn by four horses, with the Prince of Wales, the Persian Ambassador, and the Vazir, followed by nine other State carriages with the Persian suite, and escorted by Life Guards. The line of streets was kept by the 2nd Life Guards, in the Mall, St. James's Park, the 19th (Princess of Wales's) Hussars, the 12th Lancers, the Royal Horse Guards, the Royal Horse Artillery, the Royal Artillery, the Coldstream Guards, the Grenadier Guards, the 2nd Royal Scots, the 1st Devonshire Regiment, the 1st King's Royal Rifles, the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, and the 1st Northamptonshire Regiment, all under command of Major-General Philip Smith. In the Strand only some houses and shops were decorated; but from Temple Bar to King-street, Cheapside, there was a continued display of flags and garlands. Several of the large banners, a red one at Temple Bar another in Fleet-street, white-bordered with blue and gold, and a large green one, fringed with gold, bore Persian inscriptions expressing sentiments of welcome and friendship to the Shah. The bells of Bow Church rang a festal peal, and the band of the Coldstream Guards played the Persian National Anthem when his Majesty arrived at Guildhall.

The ceremonial reception took place in the Guildhall Library. The Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Prince George and Princess Victoria of Wales, Princess Henry of Battenberg and her husband, Princess Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge, here joined the Prince of Wales; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marquis of Salisbury, and many of the nobility were present. The Lord Mayor of London, with the chief officers of the City Corporation, the Aldermen, and the Common Councillors, were in their robes of civic dignity.

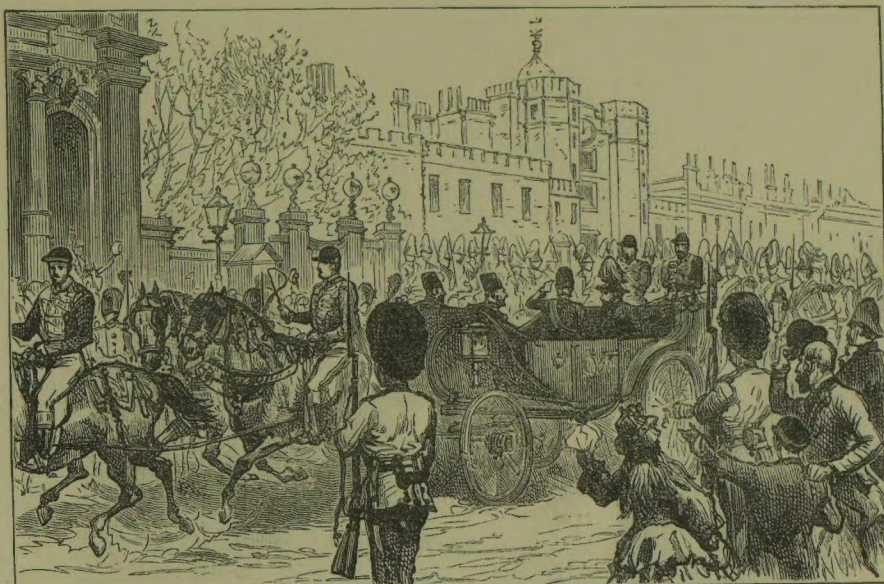
The Shah seated himself in the State chair on the Lord Mayor's right hand; to the Lord Mayor's left was the Prince of Wales, and the other chairs in the front line facing the company were occupied by the Lady Mayoress, the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Victoria of Wales, and Prince Albert Victor. The Town Clerk read the resolution of the Corporation of June 6, voting an address of welcome to the Shah on the occasion of his second visit to this country. The address was contained in a gold casket, oblong in shape, and purely English in style. The box rested upon a base of crimson velvet, supported by Algerian onyx marble. On the front panel were the arms of the Lord Mayor, enamelled in heraldic colours, and surmounted by the Lord Mayor's cap and the City motto, "Domine dirige nos." The front of the casket represented the porch of the Guildhall, on the pillars of which were the City attributes and shield. At each of the four corners was a lion, representing England, and two griffins, typical of the City; while in the centre of the dome with which the casket was crowned were the Shah's arms, surmounted by his crown, studded with pearls and rubies. The inner body of the casket was of ivory, with in-wrought gold. The address was illuminated on vellum, in the Persian style, with the City arms, and those of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, worked in the ornamental border, and the national arms grouped at the foot. This formed a scroll, 18 in. by 6 in., backed and bound in green satin, and tied with ribbon, to roll up and fit into the gold casket. The work was executed by Messrs. Blades, East, and Blades, of Abchurch-lane.

The Recorder, who wore his full-bottomed wig and scarlet robes, read the address, to which a reply was made, in the name of the Shah, by Sir Henry Rawlinson. It was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Judd, seconded by Alderman Sir W. Lawrence, that the address should be entered in the minutes of the Court of Common Council. These two gentlemen, and Mr. Joseph Snowden, chairman of the Reception Committee, were presented to the Shah. After the ceremony the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained his Majesty and their Royal Highnesses, and the whole of the distinguished company, with a luncheon in the Guildhall. The Shah, when his health was drunk, spoke a few words in his own language, returning thanks, and proposing the health of the Lord Mayor. In proposing the toast of the Royal family the Lord Mayor referred to the approaching marriage of Princess Louise of Wales with an accomplished and popular English nobleman. The Prince of Wales, in his reply, on behalf of the Princess of Wales and himself, accepted these congratulations, and said that their daughter's marriage was one purely of affection, "and therefore," he added, "one which makes us very happy." Lord Salisbury, replying to the toast "Her Majesty's Ministers," said that they desired the prosperity and security of Persia; "above all things, that Persia shall be strong, in her resources, in her preparations, and in her alliances"; but Englishmen wished for no exclusive privileges in that country, only freedom of trade.

The procession of carriages returned by Queen-street, Cheapside, where there was another grand banner with a Persian motto, and by Queen Victoria-street to Blackfriars Bridge, and along the Victoria Thames Embankment, to Whitehall and to Buckingham Palace. The passage of the carriages was beheld by a vast concourse of people.

The Shah was greatly pleased with the ballet performance of "Cleopatra" at the Empire Theatre, in Leicester-square,

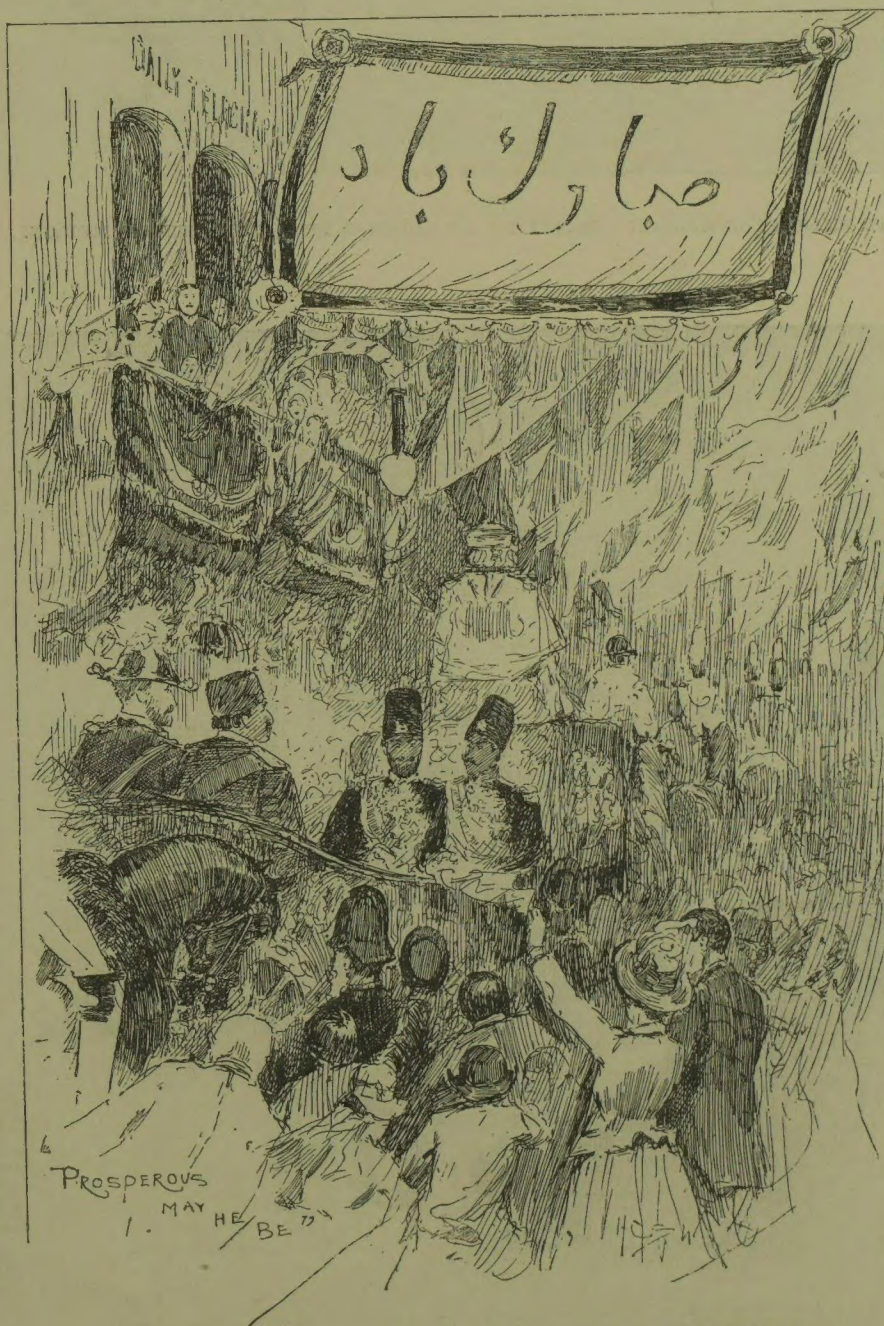
and with the acrobats of the Craggs troupe there. The theatre was decorated profusely with beds and banks of flowers, and with festoons of roses overhead. Their Royal Highnesses sat with his Majesty; the Princess of Wales, in a robe of gold brocade, with a tiara of sapphires and diamonds, was at his right hand. A large round table in the foyer was laid for the



THE SHAH'S VISIT TO THE CITY: PROCESSION COMING INTO PALL-MALL FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK.

supper of the Royal party. This entertainment, provided wholly at the cost of Sir Albert Sassoon, was a great success.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury gave a garden party on Monday, July 8, in honour of their Royal guest at Hatfield, where he had, on Sunday evening, again met the Prince and Princess of Wales and a party including the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Manchester, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lothian, Lord Cross, and Lord Hartington. Many others of the nobility, several of her Majesty's Ministers, and most of the Foreign Ambassadors, with a general company of nearly two thousand ladies and gentlemen, were at the garden party; and though the weather was dull and cloudy, there was no rain. The marble hall, in which luncheon was served, the grand staircase, and the apartments occupied by the Shah and by the Princess of Wales, were beautifully



THE SHAH'S VISIT TO THE CITY: PROCESSION IN FLEET-STREET.

decorated with palms, ferns, and flowers. The Shah was much interested in the American feats of rifle-shooting performed by Captain G. H. Fowler and Miss Louie. In the evening his Majesty went to stay the night with Earl and Countess Brownlow, at Ashridge House, Berkhamstead; next day he lunched with Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, at Halton, near Tring, and went on to Waddesdon Manor, Aylesbury, where he was the guest of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild. In passing through the town of Aylesbury the Shah received an address of welcome from the town, presented in front of the County Hall.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The proposed grants to Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise of Wales have provoked the liveliest debates in the Lower House. Nor has it been all plain-sailing in the House of Lords. That courtliest of courtiers, Earl Granville, in a tone of bland rebuke, expressed his astonishment on the Fourth of July that their Lordships had not been collectively informed by the Government of the forthcoming marriage of Princess Louise and the Earl of Fife. The Prime Minister cried "peccavi" with a candour which disarmed the Opposition—if Opposition it can be called in the hushed Upper House. The Marquis of Salisbury, with refreshing frankness, explained that it was purely owing to the delay on the part of the "special train," in which he was returning from Windsor, that her Majesty's messages were not communicated to their Lordships on the Second of July.

It chanced that yet another visit to the Queen, at Windsor, on the Fifth of July, prevented Lord Salisbury from giving expression himself in Parliament to the loyal sympathy with which the Royal communications were received. No one can discharge such a duty in a heartier or more English manner than the Premier. But it may be owned that the noble Marquis had an efficient representative in Earl Cadogan, the clever, young-looking Peer who fills the office of Lord Privy Seal, with Cabinet rank, and who has displayed considerable tact and ability as a Minister. Earl Cadogan felicitously referred to the prevailing sentiment that the elder son of the Heir Apparent should be in a position to adequately maintain his exalted position; and his Lordship happily added: "We rejoice to think that the projected marriage of her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Wales to the Earl of Fife, prompted, as we have been informed it is, by the strong and endearing tie of mutual affection, offers the brightest promise for the future of her Royal Highness and her consort; and I may venture, on behalf of the House, to express a confident hope that an alliance contracted under such favourable auspices may prove a continual blessing and a source of lasting happiness to her Majesty." Lord Granville corroborated the statement of Earl Cadogan, saying: "Not only is it a union of hearts and feelings, but it has been brought about by long personal knowledge, which is the best augury for the future." It was unfortunate that the adoption of the Marquis of Bath's motion to reject Clause 74 of the Land Transfer Bill should have caused the death of the measure, which had received the powerful support of the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister. Lord Salisbury returned from Windsor just in time to say that the exclusion of this clause was a vital matter, and that the Bill would be consequently dropped. It may be that the unwisdom of the adverse majority will be brought home to them ere long.

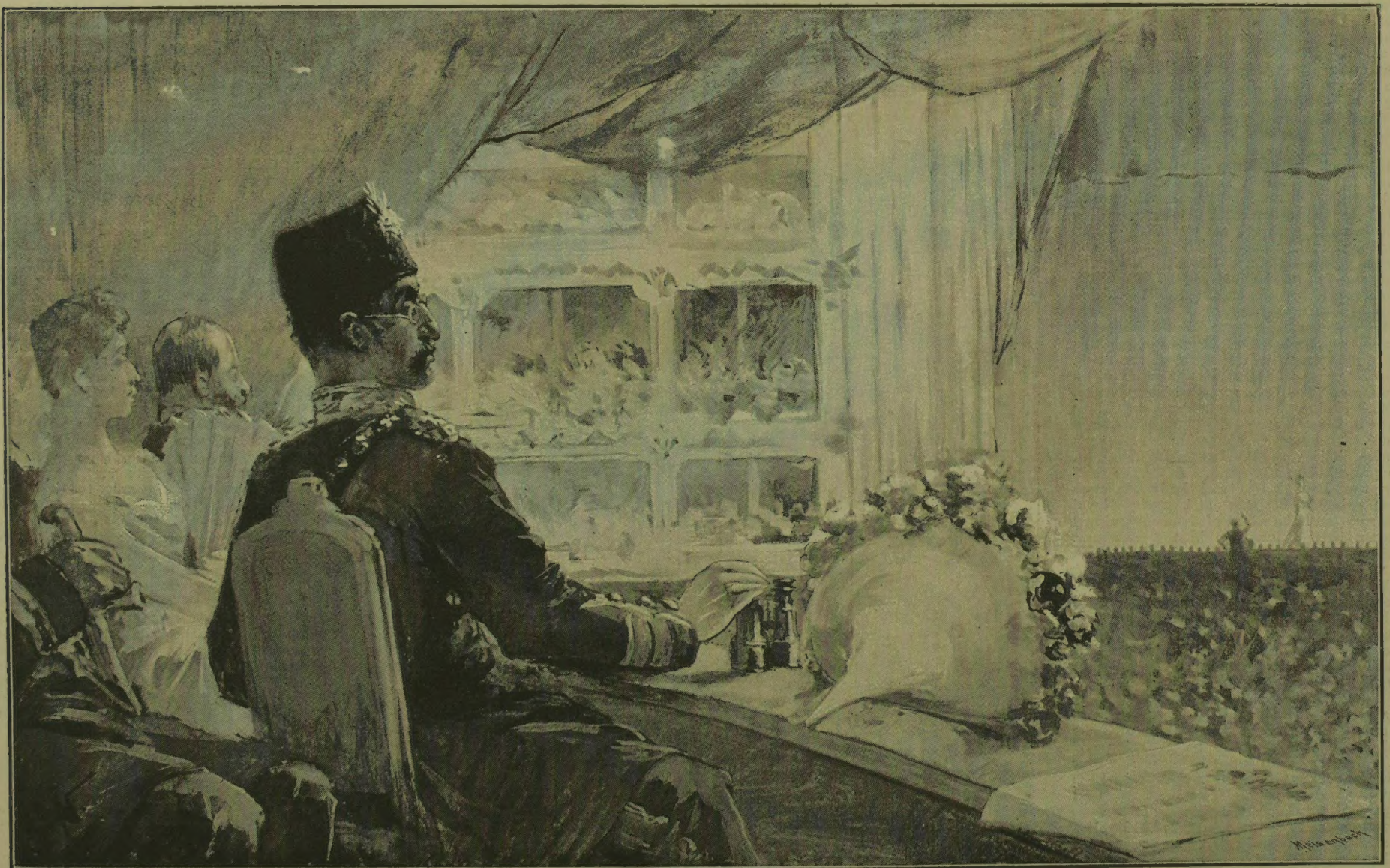
Mr. W. H. Smith, in the House of Commons, has had the influential support of Mr. Gladstone, armed with precedents, in the matter of the grants to her Majesty's grandchildren. The First Lord of the Treasury, with that solemn gravity which he assumes so well, on the Fourth of July moved that the consideration of her Majesty's gracious messages should be referred to a Committee empowered to consider the general question of grants to the Royal family. All hats were doffed as Mr. Smith rose to briefly make his motion; and it may be repeated that hon. members presented a far better appearance bare-headed than they commonly do with their hats on. This by the way. In the old official style (which made one junior member of the Ministry smile) Mr. Gladstone seconded Mr. Smith's motion. The Leader of the House was chafed in characteristic fashion by Mr. Labouchere, whose colleague, Mr. Bradlaugh, tersely moved an amendment to the effect that the Committee should also inquire into the Civil List. Bearded and vociferous Mr. Storey was most outspoken against the grants, and was cheered with especial warmth by the Radicals and Home Rulers when he emphatically declared that a nobleman in the position of Lord Fife, and with his enormous resources, should "resent the notion of coming to the nation for a grant of this kind." There was some impatience for the division, as many members were obviously anxious to escape to the Prince's Garden Party. No less than 125 votes were recorded for Mr. Bradlaugh's amendment, but there were 313 against; so that the Ministry gained a majority of 188. As Mr. Gladstone seasonably said in his concluding remarks, there are many other items of expenditure to which close attention may be brought than these "becoming allowances to the Royal family."

This engrossing question of the Commons' Special Committee on grants to the Royal family was returned to after Mr. William O'Brien had, on the Eighth of July, delivered himself of his perverid narrative of the firing exploit of the Irish Constabulary at Charleville—a narrative which the Speaker felt called upon to stop eventually. The personnel of this Committee agitated the minds of Mr. Storey and his associates on the Ninth. Mr. Smith moved that the Committee consist of the following twenty-three members: Sir Walter Barttelot, Mr. Burt, Dr. Cameron, Sir Archibald Campbell, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir James Corry, Mr. Elton, Mr. Gladstone, Sir John Gorst, Mr. Goschen, Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Samuel Hoare, Mr. Illingworth, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. John Morley, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Sexton, Sir Hussey Vivian, Mr. Wharton, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Whitley, and Mr. William Henry Smith, and that seven be

quorum. Then rose the storm. Mr. Storey lifted his lusty voice to move the adjournment. Motion rejected by a large majority. Mr. Dillwyn was similarly unsuccessful in moving that the names of Mr. Storey and Dr. Hunter be added: negated by a majority of 195. A violently personal objection to Mr. Chamberlain on the part of Mr. Storey failed to exclude the right hon. gentleman from the Committee, a majority of 204 supporting his appointment. Ultimately, all the names were sanctioned, so that every phase of opinion is represented. The rest of the evening was devoted to the Scottish Local Government Bill in Committee.



THE SHAH AT GUILDHALL: RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM THE CITY OF LONDON.



THE SHAH AT THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

Duc d'Orléans.

Princess of Wales.

The Shah.

Infanta Eulalia of Spain.

Prince of Wales.

Prince Albert Victor.

Earl of Fife. Princess Louise.



THE SHAH AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE (SIR ALBERT SASSOON'S BALLET ENTERTAINMENT).



MR. GLADSTONE AND THE SHAH AT LORD ROSEBURY'S DINNER-PARTY.

OBITUARY.

LORD FRANCIS CECIL.

Lord Francis Horace Pierrepont Cecil died on June 23 at his residence, Stocken Hall, near Oakham. His Lordship, born July 5, 1851, was the second son of William Alleyne Cecil, third and present Marquis of Exeter, by Lady Georgina Pakenham, his wife, second daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Longford, and was brother of Brownlow Henry, Lord Burghley, M.P. for Northamptonshire. He received his education at Eton, and in 1865 entered the Royal Navy, from which he retired as Lieutenant in 1884. He was a Magistrate for the counties of Lincoln and Rutland, and served as High Sheriff for the latter county in 1881. His Lordship married, October 14, 1874, Edith, daughter of Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, first Baronet, M.P. for East Cheshire, and leaves two sons and three daughters.

COLONEL THE HON. W. E. FITZ-MAURICE.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable William Edward Fitz-Maurice, late 2nd Life Guards, died on June 18, at Brussels. He was born March 21, 1805, the second son of John, Viscount Kirkwall, by Anna Maria, his wife, eldest daughter of John, first Lord de Blaquiere, and was brother of Thomas, fifth and late Earl of Orkney. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, and entered the 2nd Life Guards, from which he retired as Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel. He afterwards became Captain of the South Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, and subsequently Major of the Denbighshire Yeomanry Cavalry. He represented Bucks in Parliament as a Conservative from 1842 to 1847. The deceased gentleman married, first, Aug. 3, 1837, Mester, daughter of Mr. Henry Harford, of Down Place, Berkshire, which lady died Aug. 24, 1859; and secondly, Oct. 3, 1870, Anne Louisa, eldest daughter of Mr. John Hatton, of Deal, Kent. He leaves surviving issue by the former, one son and one daughter.

THE RECORDER OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Mr. Alfred Henry Say Stonhouse-Vigor, Recorder of Southampton, died on June 24, at his residence, No. 32, Great Cumberland-place, W., aged fifty-seven. He was the only surviving son of the late Reverend Henry Stonhouse-Vigor, M.A., Prebendary of Ledbury and Rector of Eaton Bishop, in the county of Hereford, and was heir-presumptive to the Baronetcy of Stonhouse. He received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, from which he graduated B.A. in 1855, and M.A. in 1859, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1860. He was Recorder of Penzance from 1877 to 1883, and of Southampton from the latter date up to the time of his death. He married, April 25, 1867, Gertrude, daughter of Mr. William Bird, of Crouch Hall, Middlesex, but leaves no issue.

SIR JAMES D. GORDON, K.C.S.I.

Sir James Davidson Gordon, K.C.S.I., late of the Bengal Civil Service, died at his residence, No. 31, St. James's-street, S.W., on June 27. He was born in 1835, the eldest surviving son of the late Mr. Evelyn M. Gordon, and entered the Bengal Civil Service in 1854. He was Magistrate at Julpigori during the Mutiny, and served with the forces against the Mutineers on the Bhotan Frontier in 1857. He was rewarded with the Indian Medal, was mentioned in Lord Canning's Mutiny despatch, and received thanks for his services and the decoration of Companion of the Star of India. He was private secretary to Lord Lawrence when Viceroy, Judicial Commissioner Mysore and Coorg, 1868; Guardian to the Minor Maharajah of Mysore; Chief Commissioner Mysore and Coorg, 1875 to 1881; and Resident at Mysore, 1881 to 1883. He received thanks for his services from the Viceroy of India in Council on his retirement, through ill-health, in the latter year. He was promoted to a Knight Companionship of the Order of the Star of India in 1881.

COLONEL MACNAGHTEN, C.B.

Colonel William Hay Macnaghten, C.B., Commandant of the 13th Bengal Lancers, died on July 1, at Gotherstone, near Bedford. He was born in 1842, the second son of the late Mr. Elliot Macnaghten, of Ovingdean, near Brighton, D.L. for London, by Isabella, his first wife, only daughter of Mr. John Law, and was nephew of Sir Edmund Workman Macnaghten, second Baronet of Dundarave, in the county of Antrim. He entered the Army in 1858, became Captain in 1864, Major in 1874, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1881, and Colonel in 1885. He served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and in command of the 10th Bengal Lancers in the affairs at Jugdulluck, 1879. He served also in the Egyptian War of 1882, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He was several times mentioned in despatches, and received two medals with clasps, the third class of the Osmanieh, and the Khedive's Star. In 1882 the decoration of Companion of the Bath was conferred on him. He married, in 1869, Alice Ellen, daughter of Colonel Mangles James Brander, Bengal Staff Corps, and leaves issue.

MAJOR DICKSON, M.P.

Major Alexander George Dickson, M.P. for Dover, died at his town residence, No. 3, Stratford-place, on July 4. He was born in 1834, and educated at Rugby. Entering the Army in 1853, he became, after previous service, Captain in the Carabiniers and Major in the 13th Hussars. He was in the Crimean campaign—at the attack on the Quarries and the Redan, for which he received a medal and clasp. In 1857 he was present at Meerut, and was at the siege of Delhi, for which he had also medal and clasp. He sat in Parliament, on moderate Conservative principles, for twenty-four years, having been first elected for Dover in 1865. Major Dickson married, July 10, 1861, Charlotte Maria, Lady North, widow of Dudley, Lord North, and third daughter of Hon. and Rev. William Eden, Rector of Bishopsbourne.

MR. POWELL, M.P., OF MAESGWYNNE.

Mr. Walter Rice Howell Powell, of Maesgwynne, Carmarthen-shire, M.P. for the Western Division of that county, died on June 25. He was born April 4, 1819, the eldest son of the late Mr. Walter Rice Howell Powell, of Maesgwynne, by Mary, his wife, daughter of the late Mr. Joshua Powell, of Brislington, and was educated at Christchurch, Oxford. He was a Justice of the Peace for Pembrokeshire, Carmarthen-shire, and Cardiganshire, and Deputy Lieutenant for the two former counties. He served the office of High Sheriff for Carmarthen-shire in 1849; and was, for more than half a century, Master of the Foxhounds. He represented the county in Parliament from April, 1880, to November, 1885, and the Western Division from December, 1885. His politics were those of an advanced Liberal. He married, first, in 1840, Emily Anne, second

daughter of the late Mr. Henry Skrine, of Warleigh Manor, Somerset, and of Stubbings, Berks; and secondly, in 1851, Catharine Anne Prudence, second daughter of Mr. Grismond Philipps, of Cwmgwilly, Carmarthen, and leaves issue. His only daughter, by his first wife (who died in 1846), Caroline Mary, succeeds to the estates.

MR. JAUQUES, OF EASBY ABBEY.

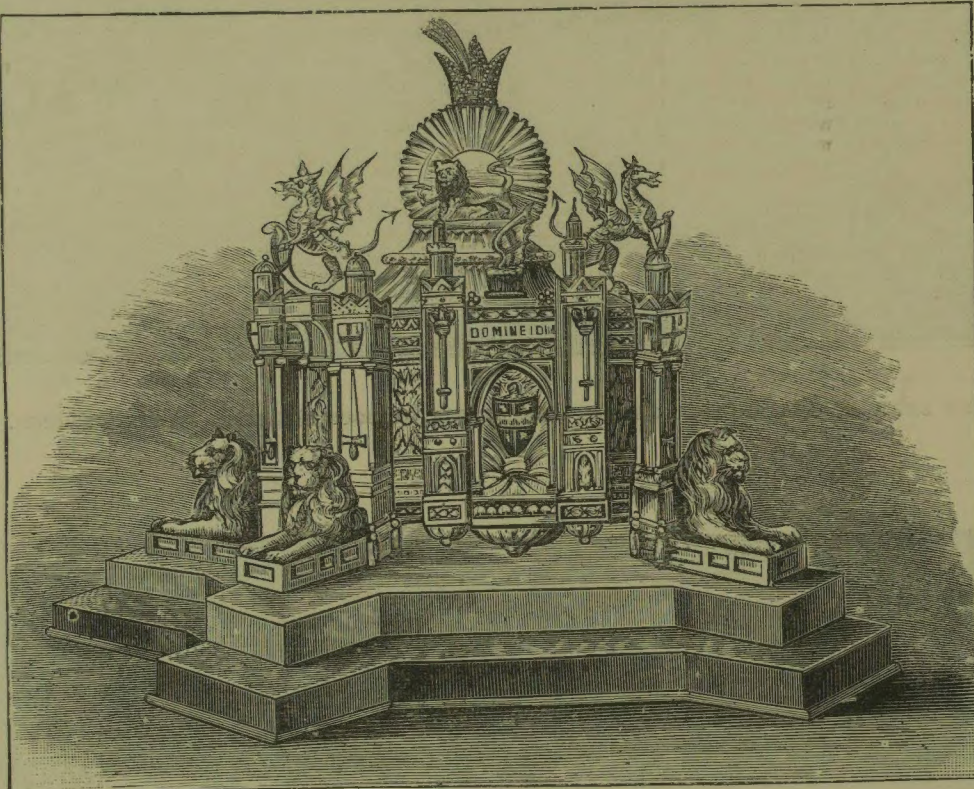
Mr. Richard Machell Jaques, of Easby Abbey, in the county of York, died on June 30, in his eightieth year. He was the elder son of Mr. Robert Jaques (who purchased the estate of Easby in 1814) by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Mr. Whitaker, of London. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for the North Riding of Yorkshire. He married, March 26, 1836, Frances, only daughter and heiress of the late Mr. Fowler Hickes, of Stilton Hall, and by her, who died in 1878, he leaves two sons and three daughters.

MR. COLQUITT-GOODWIN-CRAVEN, OF BROCKHAMPTON.

Mr. Goodwin Charles Colquitt-Goodwin-Craven, of Brockhampton Park, in the county of Gloucester, died on June 29, at his seat near Andoversford, in his seventy-fourth year. He was the eldest son of the late Colonel Goodwin Colquitt, C.B., of the Grenadier Guards, by Anne Colquhoun, his wife, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Wallace, of Kelly, in the county of Renfrew. He was educated at Eton, and served for some years in the 5th Dragoon Guards. He was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Gloucestershire, and was High Sheriff for that county in 1864. He married, June 17, 1841, Georgina Maria, only daughter and heiress of the late Mr. Fulwar Craven, of Brockhampton Park, which lady died April 10, 1878, leaving two sons and three daughters. His eldest son and successor, Fulwar John Colquitt, who was born Sept. 19, 1849, was lately Captain in the Grenadier Guards, is married, and has issue. The deceased gentleman assumed, by Royal license, in 1842, the surname and arms of Goodwin on succeeding to the estates of Mr. Charles Goodwin, of Farndon, in the county of Chester; and, again, in 1861, by another Royal license, adopted the name and arms of Craven, on succeeding to his father-in-law's property.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Edward Fountaine, on June 25, at his residence, Easton,



CASKET OF ADDRESS PRESENTED TO THE SHAH AT GUILDHALL.

Norfolk, in his sixty-ninth year. He was the fifth son of the late Mr. Andrew Fountaine, of Narford Hall.

Captain Frederick William Paul, R.N., on June 21, at Southsea, aged seventy-five.

Mr. William Galley Casson, of Bank House, Merionethshire, J.P., on June 19, aged forty-eight.

Mr. John Percy, M.D., F.R.S., on June 19, at his residence, 1, Gloucester-crescent, Hyde Park, aged seventy-two.

Major-General Malcolm Kemp Bourne, Madras Staff Corps, on June 25, at Stafferton Lodge, Maidenhead, aged sixty.

Mr. Thomas Homan-Mulock, of Bellair, in the King's County, High Sheriff, 1849, on June 25, aged ninety-two.

Mr. Richard Phelps, of Bayford Lodge, in the county of Somerset, J.P. and D.L., late Captain R.A., suddenly, on June 19, at Weymouth, aged sixty-four.

The Rev. Charles Deane, D.C.L., Vicar of St. Faith's, Maidstone, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, on July 1, after a short illness, aged sixty-four.

The Rev. Frederick Harvey Freeth, M.A., for thirty-two years Rector of Lyss, Hants, on June 24, in his seventieth year. He was third son of the late General Sir James Freeth.

The Very Rev. Frederick Charles Cook, M.A., Canon and Precentor of Exeter Cathedral, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, on June 22, at The Close, Exeter, aged eighty-four.

Lady Marshall (Mary), on July 2, at her residence, 5, Kensington Gardens-terrace. She was twice married—first to Mr. John Cox, of Hyde Park-street; and secondly, in 1851, to Sir Charles Marshall, Chief Justice of Ceylon, who died in 1873.

Major-General Francis Hastings McLeod, R.A., on June 26, at Havre des Pas, Jersey, aged fifty-nine. He served throughout the Indian Mutiny of 1857-8, including the siege and capture of Delhi, the relief of Lucknow, and the campaign in Oude (medal, with three clasps; mentioned in despatches).

Lord Bute has offered to give £1000 towards the Chair of Engineering in University College, Cardiff, provided that they can raise sufficient funds from the landlords and landowners in the district to enable them to avail themselves of the generous offer of the Drapers' Company.

By the permission of the Countess of Dudley a sale of Scottish home industries was held on July 3 and 4, at Dudley House, Park-lane, the object being to promote an interest in London in the home produce of Scotland. The sale was opened on the first day by Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne.

NEW BOOKS.

Uluar and Its Art-Treasures. By Thomas Holbein Hendley (W. Griggs, Peckham).—Mr. Hendley's experience and special knowledge entitle him to speak with authority on Indian art-matters; but it is to the Maharajah's liberality that Europeans are enabled to gain some idea of the precious objects in his Highness's Treasury. The State of Uluar as an independent territory is scarcely more than a century old, being formerly feudatory to Jeypore; but, under the administration of a succession of able and ambitious leaders, it has rapidly grown in strength and importance. The present ruler, Mangal Singh, attained his majority in 1877, and since his accession has done much to improve the condition of his people. The soil of the country is naturally rich, and the tastes of the inhabitants seem to turn towards feasts and ceremonies; and these two combined, under the guidance of a capable Monarch, to develop a love of art and display which can now vie with that of any Indian centre. Rare and valuable specimens of Oriental work of all kinds have been brought together by the rulers of the State, who have fostered native industry and induced the nobles to do likewise, and the result is that the temples, the armouries, the treasuries of Uluar are amongst the most interesting in Rajputana. Of these art treasures Mr. Hendley's volume gives an interesting description; but, whilst giving him due credit for very conscientious work, we venture to say that the interest of the volume, for the majority of readers, will lie in the illustrations. The majority of these have been done by Mr. Griggs by a process known as chromo-collotype; and the results are such as to show the absolute supremacy of English colour-printing to that of all other countries. Rarely, if ever, have printers been called upon to reproduce such complicated and delicate schemes of colour as are to be found in the numerous illustrations with which this volume abounds; and we should be wanting in fairness if we did not at once acknowledge the debt we owe to the Maharajah for his liberality in defraying the cost of a work, and to Mr. Griggs for the skill with which he has discharged his share of the task.

An Elementary History of Art. By N. D'Anvers (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).—The lady who, under this pseudonym, has expanded her small handbook into a fairly complete guide to the history of the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, has recognised the taste of the time for methodical work. She has grouped and briefly described the various so-called schools of painting, from the prehistoric Egyptian to the vague Byzantine, which occupied artists of all countries down to the close of the thirteenth century. From that time, the rise of national schools, properly so called, may be traced with more or less distinctness, and Mrs. D'Anvers follows the various channels through which the stream of the Renaissance flowed over Western Europe. Her method is almost wholly biographical, and thus her aim of furnishing a text-book for the students of art-history is attained without losing sight of the schools which particular artists created, or to which they affiliated themselves. For example, in reviewing the history of painting in Italy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the period of decay—she shows with great clearness the influence of the "eclectic" school of Bologna (and she might have added the numbing effects of State-directed art), of the naturalistic school of Caravaggio and Lo Spagnoletto, and of the later Venetian school of Canaletto and his followers, whose influence made itself felt even in this country. Perhaps the most useful part of the volume on painting are the chapters devoted to the history of that art in Spain and Portugal, in France, and in America. We are so little provided with text-books dealing with these schools that we welcome the more readily Mrs. D'Anvers's brief summaries of the art-history of these countries. In many ways we think she might have expanded her notices and lengthened her lists of artists without fear of prolixity; and it is possible that in a subsequent edition we may find greater importance attached to artists of whom she now gives us little more than the names and dates. In the history of sculpture, Ferguson's handbooks have been laid under contribution somewhat too extensively, but it would have been difficult to have said anything fresh on the subject, or to have found illustrations better suited for teaching purposes than in those well-known but somewhat expensive volumes.

Austrian Health-Resorts. By W. Fraser Rae (Chapman and Hall).—Although this is nominally a second edition of a useful handbook which has deservedly taken the public taste, it contains so much fresh matter as to be in many ways a new book. Mr. Fraser Rae, with good judgment, has omitted the chapters on the bitter waters of Hungary, for it is difficult to imagine that many will betake themselves to Ofen or Püllna, or desire to drink Hunyadi Janos fresh from the source. In place of these he describes two little-known watering-places on the Austrian Riviera, Abbazia and Gorizia. The former, situated near the head of the Gulf of Fiume, is accessible by both land and sea, and, enjoying the distinction of being both a summer as well as a winter resort, attracts a considerable number of Austrians all the year round. Its chief merit consists in its comparatively slight range of temperature; but its resources in the way of amusement do not seem to be great. Gorizia, on the other hand, which has been styled "Austrian Nice," is a far more attractive spot, and in the eyes of many contrasts favourably with its French rival. It is situated at the head of a broad valley, through which the turquoise-coloured Isonzo flows amid olive-trees and fig-trees; and around it is to be found some of the most lovely scenery on the Adriatic coast. It has recently acquired notoriety as the last resting-place of the living and dead Bourbons, since Charles X. was buried in the Franciscan church of Castagnavizza; and it is scarcely probable that the Royal exiles, who had so wide a choice for a home, would have selected anything short of the most beautiful. Gorizia, moreover, can offer plenty of amusement to sojourners, at a ridiculously small charge. The hotels, of which there are a round half-dozen, are fairly comfortable; and, as Mr. Fraser Rae adds, to encourage shivering Britons, all the rooms are provided with excellent porcelain stoves, and an unlimited supply of wood logs at a cheap rate. With regard to the rest of the volume, we can only repeat our previous impression, that it is the most complete and useful guide to the Austrian health-resorts for tourists or invalids which has appeared of recent years.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A CURIOUS COLONY.

The fine weather tempted me the other day to visit an old haunt of mine situated on the shores of the Firth of Forth. This haunt, or "houf," to use the Scotch equivalent, is famous alike for zoological excursions (by sea), for its fishing industries, and last, though by no means least, for its fish dinners. A kind of Scottish Greenwich this, but with a prospect fair to see, and far exceeding the Thames in respect of its scenery and surroundings. Before you lie the blue hills of Fife; away to the east Inchkeith stands out on the bosom of the firth; and North Berwick Law can be easily seen on a fine day, reminding you of an ancient Vesuvius which, once upon a time, may have belched forth fire and fury on the now quiet and respectable county of Haddington itself. Along the quaint High-street of Newhaven you meet with the fisher-folk. The women with their caps suggest the North of France at once to your mind; and the blue eyes and fair hair you meet with now and again tell their own story of Norse blood and of Viking invasion and settlement on the Eastern Scottish coasts.

To-day, Newhaven is dull and deserted. An air of melancholy seems to have marked the place for its own. A few ancient mariners loll on the pier-head and discuss the enormities and iniquities of steam trawlers in the monosyllabic and disjointed style of talk which characterises folk who spend most of their lives at sea. For your fisherman is a thoughtful soul, who dislikes being hurried over his talk, and who requires time to think out his ideas, and to express them in words. There is nothing doing to-day in the village, and I betake myself to the end of the harbour and enjoy the ozone

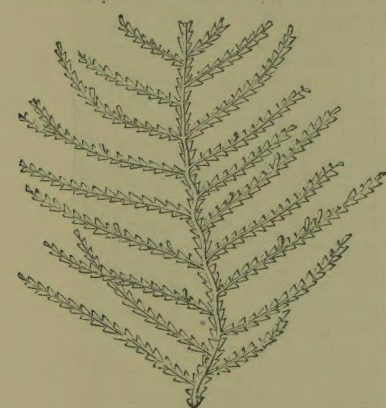


Fig. 1.

miniature. Its total length is about four inches, and you note that it grows rooted and fixed like any plant on oyster-shells and other objects. Little wonder that it is called a sea-plant,

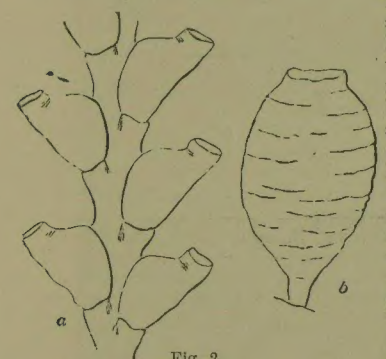


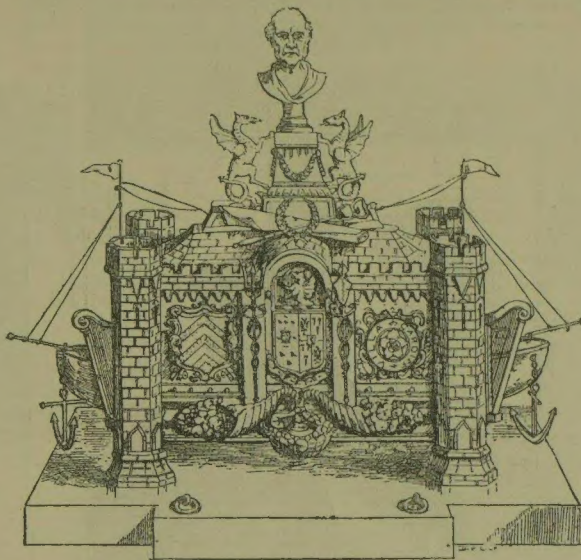
Fig. 2.

for its habits and its appearance certainly lend support to that view of its nature. Scan its structure, however, a little more closely by aid of this lens, and you observe that in place of leaves or flowers the branches bear hundreds of little cups set in each side. If you care to see what these cups are like when still more highly magnified, look at fig. 2 a. You perceive they are of definite shape, and do not agree with anything

you recognise as belonging to the world of plants. In truth, this "sea-fir" on which we have stumbled is not a plant at all. To cut short speculation, I may declare that it is a true and veritable animal, masquerading in the likeness of a plant. To understand the constitution of the sea-fir you require to see one alive under the microscope. Then your gaze alights on a curious sight. You find that each of these cups or cells is tenanted by a living animal. Each unit of this colony is simple enough in structure. It consists of a tubular body, bearing a mouth surrounded by tentacles or feelers, used for purposes of food-getting. The mouth leads directly into the simple body; and the body, in its turn, opens below into the branch on which it is borne. Stem and branches are, in fact, hollow, and thus form a means of communication between all the units of the colony. Our sea-fir is a compound or colonial animal, which numbers its members by the hundred. It is something more, however. It appears before us as a typical example of a co-operative society. For the colony is nourished, not by the labour of one, but by the work of all its members. Each little animal unit captures food and digests it, and then delivers this nutriment over to the general store or common fund, which is circulating always through the hollow stem and branches of the colony. From this common store each unit in turn draws its own supply. There is perfect co-operation witnessed here. No wrangling and quarrelling, such as intervene in higher societies, exist. Lower life knows nothing of the overweening ambition of the twos or threes over the aims of the mass. There is no question or claim of precedence in the sea-fir democracy. All is harmony, equality, fraternity here; and the currents of sea-fir life roll onwards undisturbed by the passions of higher existence.

You are curious to know how this colony has come to be what it is. The story is a simple one. Look at fig. 2, and note the capsule marked b, which represents a growth that can be seen to appear in numbers on the branches. These are not ordinary cups or cells. They do not shelter ordinary units of

the society. They are the cradles of the colony, and within them are developed the little masses of living matter which represent the eggs of the sea-fir. Sooner or later these eggs are discharged into the sea. Each undergoes the special development of its race. It swims about freely for a time, like some errant



CASKET PRESENTED TO MR. GLADSTONE WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE BOROUGH OF CARDIFF.

animalcule. Then it settles down, fixes itself to its oyster-shell, and we see growing out of the settled-down egg the likeness of one little member of the sea-fir state. By-and-by there begins a process of budding—as truly budding, indeed, as is seen in any plant. The result of this process is to produce other units like itself. The budding continues, and in due season we behold reproduced the connected branched colony with which we started. That is the history of every sea-fir you may find. It arose from an egg which was developed in the egg-capsule of a pre-existing colony; and it grew to its vegetable form by its imitation of the ways of increase we see in every plant. This history might be indefinitely prolonged. I might tell you of near neighbours of the sea-fir whose reproductive buds are represented by veritable free-swimming jellyfishes, which mature the eggs from which in turn the colonies in due time spring. But this story was told you in these pages nearly a year ago, when the jellyfishes in Oban Bay formed a text for our scientific discourse. The main features of sea-fir life are unaffected by the complexities of its neighbours; and to-day, on Newhaven Pier, you have at least learned one lesson in science—that animal life may closely imitate plant-existence in form and function, and that it is not always the higher life which most perfectly illustrates co-operation and that unity in which we are so strongly advised perpetually to dwell. ANDREW WILSON.

"THE ANGELUS," PICTURE BY MILLET.

This masterpiece of a great French painter, who was ill recompensed in his lifetime, fetched the extraordinary price of 553,000f., at the sale of the Secrétan collection, in Paris, on July 1, being purchased by M. Antonin Proust on behalf of the French Government. Its possession was strongly competed for by two American bidders, one of whom was said to be engaged for the Washington Museum. The artist, Jean François Millet, who died in 1875, at the age of sixty, devoted himself mainly to the faithful representation of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. He was born, in the Department of La Manche, of a peasant family, near Cherbourg, and lived in frugal simplicity at Barbizon, in the forest of Fontainebleau, working laboriously for small pay, avoiding the

exhibition of pictures which he saw at Brussels in 1873, has just been printed. It contains the following comment on the work reproduced in our Engraving: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' the masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the pale rays of the setting sun, and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon, compels meditation on the still powerful influence of religious traditions among the rural population. With what minuteness, and yet breadth, these two grand outlines of the peasant and his servant stand out on the still, warm field! The task is over, the wheelbarrow is there, full of the day's harvest, and they are about to return to the cottage for the night's rest. The bell has rung the curfew of labour; and at once these two dark figures stand up, erect and motionless. They are waiting for and counting the strokes of the bell, as they did yesterday, and as they will do to-morrow, in an attitude too natural not to be habitual, before taking the road which leads to the village. The fleecy and melancholy sky which hangs over the landscape shares in the general pensiveness which dominates the picture."

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE CORPORATION OF CARDIFF.

On Saturday, July 6, at the house of Sir Edward Reed, M.P. for Cardiff, 75, Harrington-gardens, South Kensington, the Mayor of Cardiff, Mr. David Jones, with the Town Clerk, two Aldermen, and several Town Councillors, met the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., by appointment, to present him with the freedom of their borough. A resolution of the Town Council to this effect was passed on Jan. 14, having been proposed two years ago. Mr. Gladstone accepted the honour, took the oath as a freeman of Cardiff, signed the burgess-roll, and made a speech on the politics of the day, in presence of a large party of gentlemen and ladies invited, among whom were Lord Aberdare and Sir Hussey Vivian, M.P. The gold casket of the address, manufactured by Messrs. James Trotter, Barry, and Sons, Duke-street, Cardiff, is shown in our Illustration. Its design represents an ancient fortress, Caer Taff, or the fort on the Taff. At the four corners are towers, from each of which projects a Welsh harp. In the front centre panel are the arms, crest, and motto of Mr. Gladstone, raised, carved, and enamelled. The back of the casket is embellished with emblems in high relief. In the centre are the arms of Cardiff, with a crown. A solid gold bust of Mr. Gladstone on a pedestal surmounts the whole. A gold plate on the plinth bears an engraved inscription.

ART MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

The *Art Journal* for July opens with a paper by Mr. C. Lewis Hind, entitled "East Anglia," the illustrations from photographs, by Mr. Payne Jennings, of Peterborough, Ely, Epping Forest, Bury St. Edmunds, and King's Lynn. Besides an interesting account of the Painted Hall at Greenwich by Mr. Francis Huskisson; one on the great French landscape-painter, Corot; and another on the Royal palaces of St. James's and Whitehall, several extra pages of this journal are devoted to the Paris Exhibition, profusely illustrated with sketches of buildings and exhibits chiefly from the British and French sections.

Professor Herkomer, A.R.A., contributes to the *Magazine of Art* an account of his pictorial music-play, recently performed at Bushey; illustrated by himself and Mr. C. L. Burns. Mr. George Moore's paper on "Art for the Villa" is interesting, and, as a protest against the painting of ambitious but commonplace and uninteresting historical or allegorical pictures by our lesser artists, is much to the point. "John Brown, the Draftsman," by J. M. Gray; and Miss F. Mabel Robinson's article on the great German art patron, "Maximilian I.," complete a particularly good number.

Art and Literature for the current month contains a fine portrait of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, with a monograph by Mr. James N. Dunn; a reproduction of the picture by Thomas Faed, R.A., "The Gamekeeper's Daughter"; and papers on "The Sea Songs of Britain" and "The Portland Vase."

From Messrs. Hatchards we have received a new publication entitled *Dignitaries of the Church*, the first number of a monthly publication, containing photographs of well-known Churchmen—taken by Samuel A. Walker, ecclesiastical art photographer, of Regent-street—and a short account of the lives of the subjects themselves. The photographs before us are those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Truro, and the Dean of Worcester.

A fancy bazaar, in aid of the building fund of the permanent Church of the Good Shepherd, Mansfield-road, has been held in the Hampstead Vestry Hall.

The Earl of Pembroke presided over the annual dinner of the Incorporated Society of Authors, held at the Criterion on July 3. There was a large and influential attendance, the company including many ladies.

The apartments in St. James's Palace which were occupied by the late Duchess of Cambridge will next spring become the residence of Prince Albert Victor; and extensive alterations are to be carried out in the arrangements of the house.

Mr. George Anderson has been elected to represent the Ward of Candlewick in the Court of Common Council, in the room of Mr. J. Voce Moore, appointed Alderman in the place of the late Sir Thomas Dakin.

We regret to learn that the oldest establishment for the importation and sale of foreign china and porcelain in the West-End of London will shortly cease to exist, as Messrs. Rittener and Saxby, of No. 41, Albemarle-street, have resolved to retire from the business. Temporary premises have been taken at No. 186, Piccadilly (opposite the entrance to Burlington House), for the purpose of disposing by auction of their very large, valuable, and unique stock.

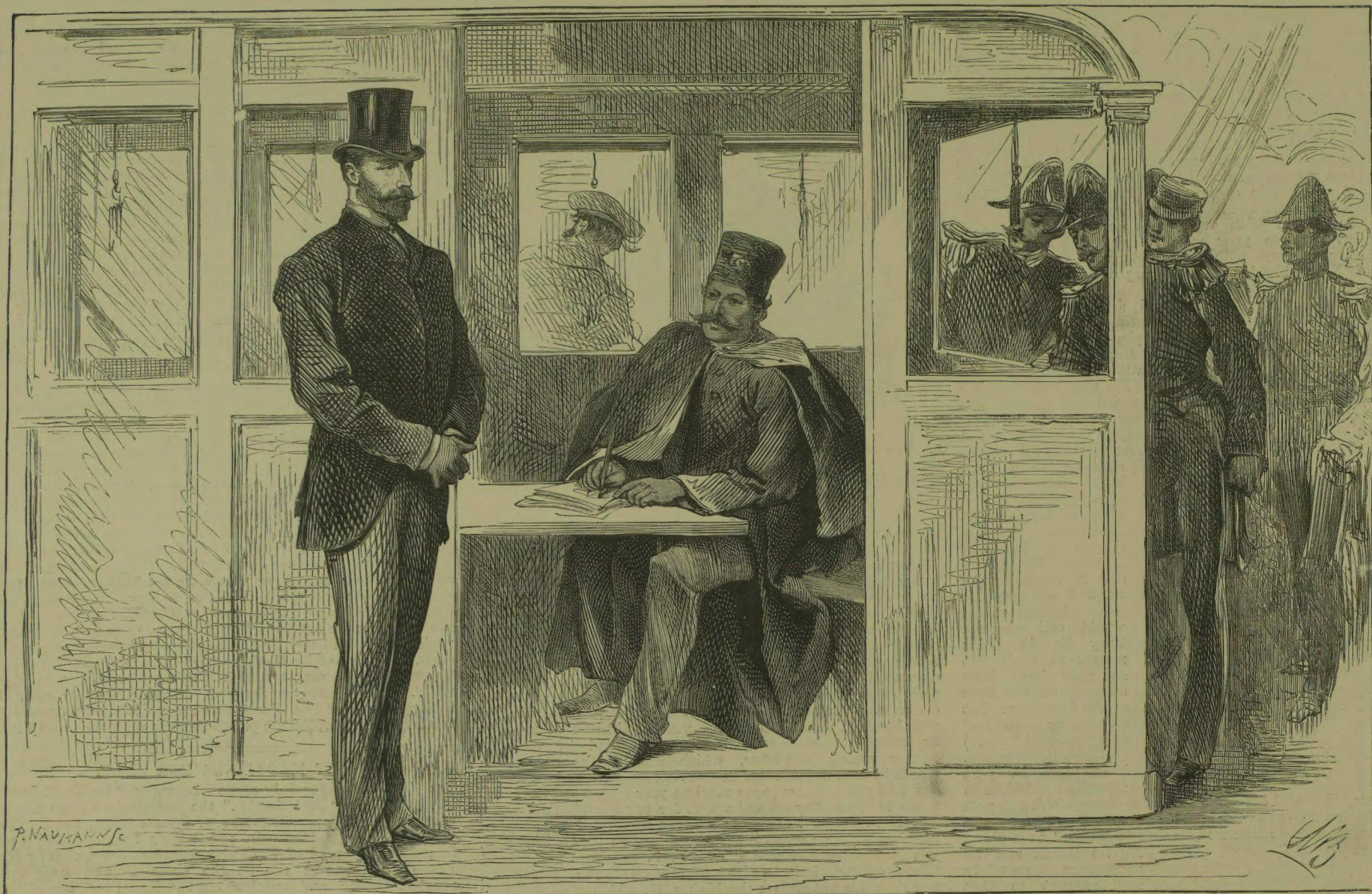


"THE ANGELUS": PICTURE BY J. F. MILLET.

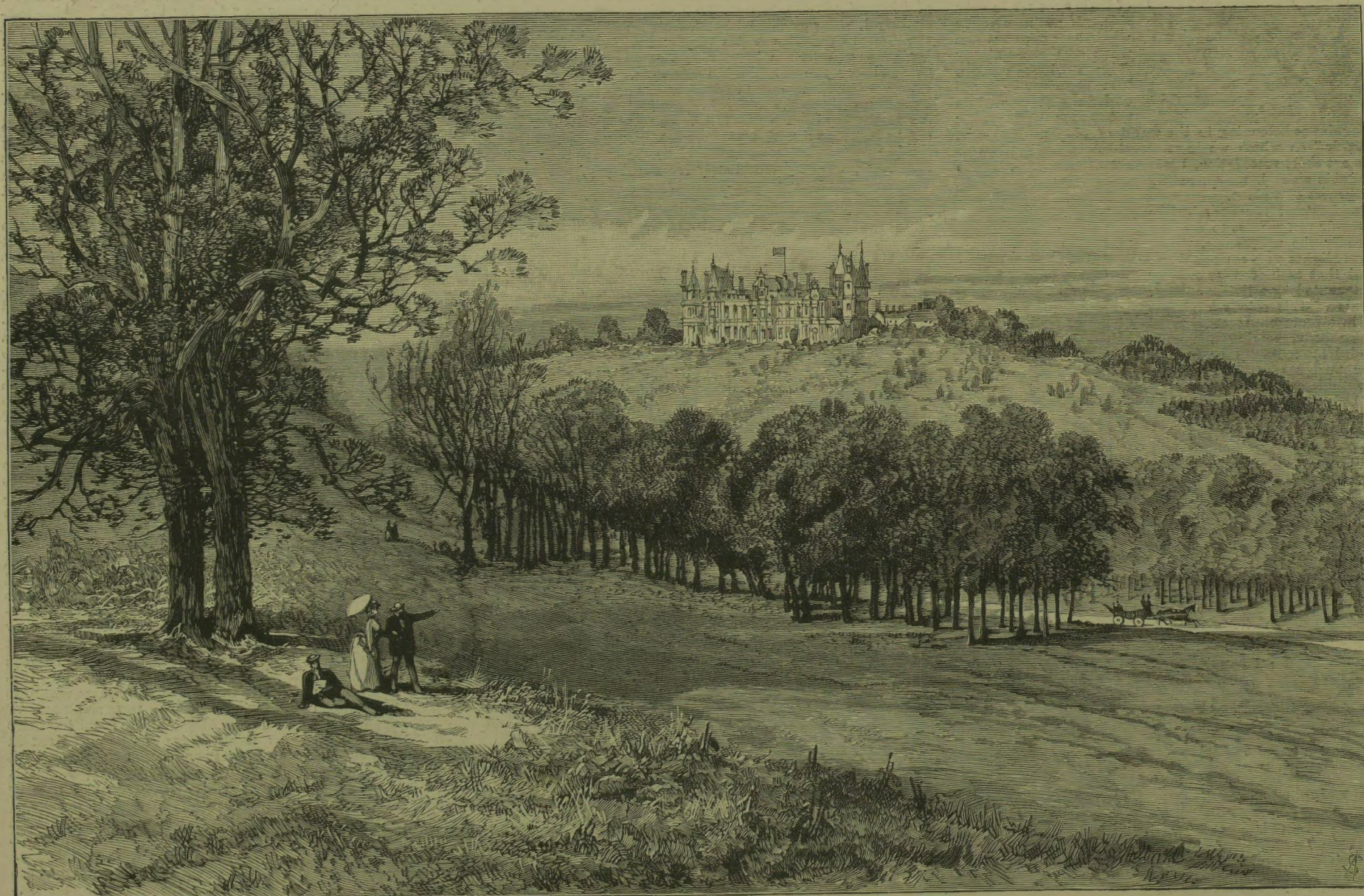
SOLD IN THE SECRÉTAN COLLECTION, PARIS.

excitements of Parisian life. The fame of his genius has extended far and wide since his death, while his character has been shown in an interesting light by many biographical comments.

An interesting private letter of Gambetta's, describing an



THE SHAH SKETCHING A PORTRAIT OF OUR ARTIST ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT VICTORIA AND ALBERT.



WADDES DON MANOR, AYLESBURY, THE SEAT OF BARON FERDINAND DE ROTHSCHILD, VISITED BY THE SHAH.

BLIND LOVE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

THE PROLOGUE.—(Continued.)

VI.

THE wind rose a little, and the rifts in the clouds began to grow broader as Iris gained the high road.

For a while, the glimmer of the misty moonlight lit the way before her. As well as she could guess, she had passed over more than half of the distance between the town and the milestone before the sky darkened again. Objects by the wayside grew shadowy and dim. A few drops of rain began to fall. The milestone, as she knew—thanks to the discovery of it made

by daylight—was on the right hand side of the road. But the dull grey colour of the stone was not easy to see in the dark.

A doubt troubled her whether she might not have passed the milestone. She stopped and looked at the sky.

The threatening of rain had passed away; signs showed themselves which seemed to promise another break in the clouds. She waited. Low and faint, the sinking moonlight looked its last at the dull earth. In front of her, there was nothing to be seen but the road. She looked back—and discovered the milestone.

A rough stone wall protected the land on either side of the road. Nearly behind the milestone there was a gap in this fence, partially closed by a hurdle. A half-ruined culvert, arching a ditch that had run dry, formed a bridge leading from the road to the field. Had the field been already chosen as a place of concealment by the police? Nothing was to be seen but a footpath, and the dusky line of a plantation beyond it. As she made these discoveries, the rain began to fall again; the clouds gathered once more; the moonlight vanished.

At the same moment an obstacle presented itself to her mind, which Iris had thus far failed to foresee.

Lord Harry might approach the milestone by three different ways: that is to say—by the road from the town, or by the road from the open country, or by way of the field and the culvert. How could she so place herself as to be sure of warning him, before he fell into the hands of the police? To watch the three means of approach in the obscurity of the night, and at one and the same time, was impossible.

A man in this position, guided by reason, would in all probability have wasted precious time in trying to arrive at the right decision. A woman, aided by love, conquered the difficulty that confronted her in a moment.

Iris decided on returning to the milestone, and on waiting there to be discovered and taken prisoner by the police. Supposing Lord Harry to be punctual to his appointment, he would hear voices and movements, as a necessary consequence

of the arrest, in time to make his escape. Supposing him on the other hand to be late, the police would be on the way back to the town with their prisoner: he would find no one at the milestone, and would leave it again in safety.

She was on the point of turning, to get back to the road, when something on the dark surface of the field, which looked like a darker shadow, became dimly visible. In another moment, it seemed to be a shadow that moved. She ran towards it. It looked like a man as she drew nearer. The man stopped.

"The password," he said, in tones cautiously lowered.

"Fidelity," she answered in a whisper.

It was too dark for a recognition of his features; but Iris knew him by his tall stature—knew him by the accent in which he had asked for the password. Erroneously judging of her, on his side, as a man, he drew back again. Sir Giles Mountjoy was above the middle height; the stranger, in a cloak, who had whispered to him, was below it. "You are not the person I expected to meet," he said. "Who are you?"

Her faithful heart was longing to tell him the truth. The temptation to reveal herself, and to make the sweet confession of her happiness at having saved him, would have overpowered her discretion, but for a sound that was audible on the road behind them. In the deep silence of the time and place, mistake was impossible. It was the sound of footsteps.

There was just time to whisper to him: "Sir Giles has betrayed you. Save yourself."

"Thank you, whoever you are!"

With that reply, he suddenly and swiftly disappeared. Iris remembered the culvert, and turned towards it. There was a hiding-place under the arch, if she could only get down into the dry ditch in time. She was feeling her way to the slope of it with her feet, when a heavy hand seized her by the arm; and a resolute voice said: "You are my prisoner."

She was led back into the road. The man who had got her blew a whistle. Two other men joined him.



The shade was slipped aside from a lantern; the light fell full on the prisoner's face.

"Show a light," he said; "and let's see who the fellow is." The shade was slipped aside from a lantern; the light fell full on the prisoner's face. Amazement petrified the two attendant policemen. The pious Catholic Sergeant burst into speech: "Holy Mary! it's a woman!"

Did the secret societies of Ireland enrol women? Was this a modern Judith, expressing herself by anonymous letters, and bent on assassinating a financial Holofernes who kept a bank? What account had she to give of herself? How came she to be alone in a desolate field on a rainy night? Instead of answering these questions, the inscrutable stranger preferred a bold and brief request. "Take me to Sir Giles"—was all she said to the police.

The Sergeant had the handcuffs ready. After looking at the prisoner's delicate wrists by the lantern-light, he put his fetters back in his pocket. "A lady—and no doubt about it," he said to one of his assistants.

The two men waited, with a mischievous interest in seeing what he would do next. The list of their pious officer's virtues included a constitutional partiality for women, which exhibited the merciful side of justice when a criminal wore a petticoat. "We will take you to Sir Giles, Miss," he said—and offered his arm, instead of offering his handcuffs. Iris understood him, and took his arm.

She was silent—unaccountably silent as the men thought—on the way to the town. They heard her sigh; and, once, the sigh sounded more like a sob; little did they suspect what was in that silent woman's mind at the time.

The one object which had absorbed the attention of Iris had been the saving of Lord Harry. This accomplished, the free exercise of her memory had now reminded her of Arthur Mountjoy.

It was impossible to doubt that the object of the proposed meeting at the milestone had been to take measures for the preservation of the young man's life. A coward is always more or less cruel. The proceedings (equally treacherous and merciless) by which Sir Giles had provided for his own safety, had delayed—perhaps actually prevented—the execution of Lord Harry's humane design. It was possible, horribly possible, that a prompt employment of time might have been necessary to the rescue of Arthur from impending death by murder. In the agitation that overpowered her, Iris actually hurried the police on their return to the town.

Sir Giles had arranged to wait for news in his private room at the office—and there he was, with Dennis Howmore in attendance to receive visitors.

The Sergeant went into the banker's room alone, to make his report. He left the door ajar; Iris could hear what passed. "Have you got your prisoner?" Sir Giles began.

"Yes, your honour."
"Is the wretch securely handcuffed?"
"I beg your pardon, sir, it isn't a man."

"Nonsense, Sergeant; it can't be a boy."

The Sergeant confessed that it was not a boy. "It's a woman," he said.

"What!!!"

"A woman," the patient officer repeated—"and a young one. She asked for You."

"Bring her in."

Iris was not the sort of person who waits to be brought in. She walked in, of her own accord.

VII.

"Good Heavens!" cried Sir Giles. "Iris! With my cloak on!! With my hat in her hand!!! Sergeant, there has been some dreadful mistake. This is my goddaughter—Miss Henley."

"We found her at the milestone, your honour. The young lady, and nobody else."

Sir Giles appealed helplessly to his goddaughter. "What does this mean?" Instead of answering, she looked at the Sergeant. The Sergeant, conscious of responsibility, stood his ground and looked at Sir Giles. His face confessed that the Irish sense of humour was tickled; but he showed no intention

of leaving the room. Sir Giles saw that Iris would enter into no explanation in the man's presence. "You needn't wait any longer," he said.

"What am I to do, if you please, with the prisoner?" the Sergeant inquired.

Sir Giles waived that unnecessary question away with his hand. He was trebly responsible—as knight, banker, and magistrate into the bargain. "I will be answerable," he replied, "for producing Miss Henley, if called upon. Good night."

The Sergeant's sense of duty was satisfied. He made the military salute. His gallantry added homage to the young lady under the form of a bow. Then, and then only, he walked with dignity out of the room.

"Now," Sir Giles resumed, "I presume I may expect to receive an explanation. What does this impropriety mean? What were you doing at the milestone?"

"I was saving the person who made the appointment with you," Iris said; "the poor fellow who had no ill-will towards you—who had risked everything to save your nephew's life. Oh, sir, you committed a terrible mistake when you refused to trust that man!"

Sir Giles had anticipated the appearance of fear, and the reality of humble apologies. She had answered him indignantly, with a heightened colour, and with tears in her eyes. His sense of his own social importance was wounded to the quick. "Who is the man you are speaking of?" he asked loftily. "And what is your excuse for having gone to the milestone to save him—hidden under my cloak, disguised in my hat?"

"Don't waste precious time in asking questions!" was the desperate reply. "Undo the harm that you have done already. Your help—oh, I mean what I say!—may yet preserve Arthur's life. Go to the farm, and save him."

Sir Giles's anger assumed a new form; it indulged in an elaborate mockery of respect. He took his watch from his pocket, and consulted it satirically. "Must I make an excuse?" he asked with a clumsy assumption of humility.

"No! you must go."

"Permit me to inform you, Miss Henley, that the last train started more than two hours since."

"What does that matter? You are rich enough to hire a train."

Sir Giles, the actor, could endure it no longer; he dropped the mask, and revealed Sir Giles, the man. His clerk was summoned by a peremptory ring of the bell. "Attend Miss Henley to the house," he said. "You may come to your senses after a night's rest," he continued, turning sternly to Iris. "I will receive your excuses in the morning."

In the morning, the breakfast was ready as usual at nine o'clock. Sir Giles found himself alone at the table.

He sent an order to one of the women-servants to knock at Miss Henley's door. There was a long delay. The housekeeper presented herself in a state of alarm; she had gone upstairs to make the necessary investigation in her own person. Miss Henley was not in her room; the maid was not in her room; the beds had been slept in; the heavy luggage was labelled: "To be called for from the hotel." And there was an end of the evidence which the absent Iris had left behind her.

Inquiries were made at the hotel. The young lady had called there, with her maid, early on that morning. They had their travelling-bags with them; and Miss Henley had left directions that the luggage was to be placed under care of the landlord until her



Mrs. Lewson's face brightened in an instant; she threw the door wide open with a glad cry of recognition.

return. To what destination she had betaken herself nobody knew.

Sir Giles was too angry to remember what she had said to him on the previous night, or he might have guessed at the motive which had led to her departure. "Her father has done with her already," he said; "and I have done with her now." The servants received orders not to admit Miss Henley, if her audacity contemplated a return to her godfather's house.

VIII.

On the afternoon of the same day, Iris arrived at the village situated in the near neighbourhood of Arthur Mountjoy's farm.

The infection of political excitement (otherwise, the hatred of England) had spread even to this remote place. On the steps of his little chapel, the priest, a peasant himself, was haranguing his brethren of the soil. An Irishman who paid his landlord was a traitor to his country; an Irishman who asserted his free birthright in the land that he walked on was an enlightened patriot. Such was the new law which the reverend gentleman expounded to his attentive audience. If his brethren there would like him to tell them how they might apply the law, this exemplary Christian would point to the faithless Irishman, Arthur Mountjoy. "Buy not of him; sell not to him; avoid him if he approaches you; starve him out of the place. I might say more, boys—you know what I mean."

To hear the latter part of this effort of oratory, without uttering a word of protest, was a trial of endurance under which Iris trembled. The secondary effect of the priest's address was to root the conviction of Arthur's danger with tenfold tenacity in her mind. After what she had just heard, even the slightest delay in securing his safety might be productive of deplorable results. She astonished a bare-footed boy, on the outskirts of the crowd, by a gift of sixpence, and asked her way to the farm. The little Irishman ran on before her, eager to show the generous lady how useful he could be. In less than half an hour, Iris and her maid were at the door of the farm-house. No such civilised inventions appeared as a knocker or a bell. The boy used his knuckles instead—and ran away when he heard the lock of the door turned on the inner side. He was afraid to be seen speaking to any living creature who inhabited the "evicted farm."



She put her head out to breathe the cool night-air.

A decent old woman appeared, and inquired suspiciously "what the ladies wanted." The accent in which she spoke was unmistakably English. When Iris asked for Mr. Arthur Mountjoy the reply was: "Not at home." The housekeeper inhospitably attempted to close the door. "Wait one moment," Iris said. "Years have changed you; but there is something in your face which is not quite strange to me. Are you Mrs. Lewson?"

The woman admitted that this was her name. "But how is it that you are a stranger to me?" she asked distrustfully.

"If you have been long in Mr. Mountjoy's service," Iris replied, "you may perhaps have heard him speak of Miss Henley?"

Mrs. Lewson's face brightened in an instant; she threw the door wide open with a glad cry of recognition.

"Come in, Miss, come in! Who would have thought of seeing you in this horrible place? Yes; I was the nurse who looked after you all three—when you and Mr. Arthur and Mr. Hugh were playfellows together." Her eyes rested longingly on her favourite of bygone days. The sensitive sympathies of Iris interpreted that look. She prettily touched her cheek, inviting the nurse to kiss her. At this act of kindness the poor old woman broke down; she apologised quaintly for her tears: "Think, Miss, how I must remember that happy time—when you have not forgotten it."

Shown into the parlour, the first object which the visitor noticed was the letter that she had written to Arthur lying unopened on the table.

"Then he is really out of the house?" she said with a feeling of relief.

He had been away from the farm for a week or more. Had he received a warning from some other quarter? and had he wisely sought refuge in flight? The amazement in the housekeeper's face, when she heard these questions, pleaded for a word of explanation. Iris acknowledged without reserve the motives which had suggested her journey, and asked eagerly if she had been mistaken in assuming that Arthur was in danger of assassination.

Mrs. Lewson shook her head. Beyond all doubt the young master was in danger. But Miss Iris ought to have known his nature better than to suppose that he would beat a retreat, if all the land-leaguers in Ireland threatened him together. No! It was his bold way to laugh at danger. He had left his farm to visit a friend in the next county; and it was shrewdly guessed that a young lady who was staying in the house was the attraction which had kept him so long away. "Anyhow, he means to come back to-morrow," Mrs. Lewson said. "I wish he would think better of it, and make his escape to England while he has the chance. If the savages in these parts must shoot somebody, I'm here—an old woman that can't last much longer. Let them shoot me."

Iris asked if Arthur's safety was assured in the next county, and in the house of his friend.

"I can't say, Miss; I have never been to the house. He is in danger if he persists in coming back to the farm. There are chances of shooting him all along his road home. Oh, yes; he knows it, poor dear, as well as I do. But, there!—men like him are such perverse creatures. He takes his rides just as usual. No; he won't listen to an old woman like me; and, as for friends to advise him, the only one of them that has darkened our doors is a scamp who had better have kept away. You may have heard tell of him. The old Earl, his wicked father, used to be called by a bad name. And the wild young lord is his father's true son."

"Not Lord Harry?" Iris exclaimed.

The outbreak of agitation in her tone and manner was silently noticed by her maid. The housekeeper did not attempt to conceal the impression that had been produced upon her. "I hope you don't know such a vagabond as that?" she said very seriously. "Perhaps you are thinking of his brother—the eldest son—a respectable man as I have been told?"

Miss Henley passed over these questions without notice. Urged by the interest in her lover, which was now more than ever an interest beyond her control, she said: "Is Lord Harry in danger, on account of his friend?"

"He has nothing to fear from the wretches who infest our part of the country," Mrs. Lewson replied. "Report says he's one of themselves. The police—there's what his young lordship has to be afraid of, if all's true that is said about him. Anyhow, when he paid his visit to my master, he came secretly like a thief in the night. And I heard Mr. Arthur, while they were together here in the parlour, loud in blaming him for something that he had done. No more, Miss, of Lord Harry! I have something particular to say to you. Suppose I promise to make you comfortable—will you please wait here till to-morrow, and see Mr. Arthur and speak to him? If there's a person living who can persuade him to take better care of himself, I do believe it will be you."

Iris readily consented to wait for Arthur Mountjoy's return. Left together, while Mrs. Lewson was attending to her domestic duties, the mistress noticed an appearance of preoccupation in the maid's face.

"Are you beginning to wish, Rhoda," she said, "that I had not brought you to this strange place, among these wild people?"

The maid was a quiet amiable girl, evidently in delicate health. She smiled faintly. "I was thinking, Miss, of another nobleman besides the one Mrs. Lewson mentioned just now, who seems to have led a reckless life. It was printed in a newspaper that I read before we left London."

"Was his name mentioned?" Iris asked.

"No, Miss; I suppose they were afraid of giving offence. He tried so many strange ways of getting a living—it was almost like reading a story-book."

The suppression of the name suggested a suspicion from which Iris recoiled. Was it possible that her maid could be ignorantly alluding to Lord Harry?

"Do you remember this hero's adventures?" she said.

"I can try, Miss, if you wish to hear about him."

The newspaper narrative appeared to have produced a vivid impression on Rhoda's mind. Making allowance for natural hesitations and mistakes, and difficulties in expressing herself correctly, she repeated with a singularly clear recollection the substance of what she had read.

IX.

The principal characters in the story were an old Irish nobleman, who was called the Earl, and the youngest of his two sons, mysteriously distinguished as "the wild lord."

It was said of the Earl that he had not been a good father; he had cruelly neglected both his sons. The younger one, badly treated at school, and left to himself in the holidays, began his adventurous career by running away. He got employment (under an assumed name) as a ship's boy. At the outset, he did well; learning his work, and being liked by the Captain and the crew. But the chief mate was a brutal man, and the young runaway's quick temper resented the disgraceful indignity of blows. He made up his mind to try his luck on shore, and attached himself to a company of strolling players. Being a handsome lad, with a good figure and a fine clear voice, he did very well for a while on the country stage. Hard times came; salaries were reduced; the adventurer

wearied of the society of actors and actresses. His next change of life presented him in North Britain as a journalist, employed on a Scotch newspaper. An unfortunate love-affair was the means of depriving him of this new occupation. He was recognised, soon afterwards, serving as assistant steward in one of the passenger steamers voyaging between Liverpool and New York. Arrived in this last city, he obtained notoriety, of no very respectable kind, as a "medium" claiming powers of supernatural communication with the world of spirits. When the imposture was ultimately discovered, he had gained money by his unworthy appeal to the meanly prosaic superstition of modern times. A long interval had then elapsed, and nothing had been heard of him, when a starving man was discovered by a traveller, lost on a Western prairie. The ill-fated Irish lord had associated himself with an Indian tribe—had committed some offence against their laws—and had been deliberately deserted and left to die. On his recovery, he wrote to his elder brother (who had inherited the title and estates on the death of the old Earl) to say that he was ashamed of the life that he had led, and eager to make amendment by accepting any honest employment that could be offered to him. The traveller who had saved his life, and whose opinion was to be trusted, declared that the letter represented a sincerely penitent state of mind. There were good qualities in the vagabond, which only wanted a little merciful encouragement to assert themselves. The reply that he received from England came from the lawyers employed by the new Earl. They had arranged with their agents in New York to pay to the younger brother a legacy of a thousand pounds, which represented all that had been left to him by his father's will. If he wrote again, his letters would not be answered; his brother had done with him. Treated in this inhuman manner, the wild lord became once more worthy of his name: He tried a new life as a betting man at races and trotting-matches. Fortune favoured him at the outset, and he considerably increased his legacy. With the customary infatuation of men who gain money by risking the loss of it, he presumed on his good luck. One pecuniary disaster followed another, and left him literally penniless. He was found again, in England; exhibiting an open boat, in which he and a companion had made one of those foolhardy voyages across the Atlantic, which have now happily ceased to interest the public. To a friend who remonstrated with him, he answered that he had reckoned on being lost at sea, and on so committing a suicide worthy of the desperate life that he had led. The last accounts of him, after this, were too vague and too contradictory to be depended on. At one time it was reported that he had returned to the United States. Not long afterwards, unaccountable paragraphs appeared in newspapers; declaring, at one and the same time, that he was living among bad company in Paris, and that he was hiding disreputably in an ill-famed quarter of the city of Dublin, called "The Liberties." In any case, there was good reason to fear that Irish-American desperadoes had entangled the wild lord in the network of political conspiracy.

The maid noticed a change in the mistress which surprised her, when she had reached the end of the newspaper story. Of Miss Henley's customary good spirits not a trace remained. "Few people, Rhoda, remember what they read as well as you do." She said it kindly and sadly—and she said no more.

There was a reason for this.

Now at one time, and now at another, Iris had heard of Lord Harry's faults and failings in fragments of family history. The complete record of his degraded life; presented in an uninterrupted succession of events, had now forced itself on her attention for the first time. It naturally shocked her. She felt, as she had never felt before, how entirely right her father had been in insisting on her resistance to an attachment which was unworthy of her. So far, but no farther, her conscience yielded to its own conviction of what was just. But the one unassailable vital force in this world is the force of love. It may submit to the hard necessities of life; it may acknowledge the imperative claims of duty: it may be silent under reproach, and submissive to privation—but, suffer what it may, it is the master-passion still; subject to no artificial influences, owning no supremacy but the law of its own being. Iris was above the reach of self-reproach, when her memory recalled the daring action which had saved Lord Harry at the milestone. Her better sense acknowledged Hugh Mountjoy's superiority over the other man—but her heart, her perverse heart, remained true to its first choice in spite of her. She made an impatient excuse, and went out alone, to recover her composure in the farm-house garden.

The hours of the evening passed slowly.

There was a pack of cards in the house; the women tried to amuse themselves, and failed. Anxiety about Arthur preyed on the spirits of Miss Henley and Mrs. Lewson. Even the maid, who had only seen him during his last visit to London, said she wished to-morrow had come and gone. His sweet temper, his handsome face, his lively talk had made Arthur a favourite everywhere. Mrs. Lewson had left her comfortable English home to be his housekeeper, when he tried his rash experiment of farming in Ireland. And, more wonderful still, even wearisome Sir Giles became an agreeable person in his nephew's company.

Iris set the example of retiring at an early hour to her room.

There was something terrible in the pastoral silence of the place. It associated itself mysteriously with her fears for Arthur; it suggested armed treachery on tiptoe, taking its murderous stand in hiding; the whistling passage of bullets through the air; the piercing cry of a man mortally wounded; and that man, perhaps—? Iris shrank from her own horrid thought. A momentary faintness overcame her; she opened the window. As she put her head out to breathe the cool night-air, a man on horseback rode up to the house. Was it Arthur? No: the light-coloured groom's livery that he wore was just visible.

Before he could dismount to knock at the door, a tall man walked up to him out of the darkness.

"Is that Miles?" the tall man asked.

The groom knew the voice. Iris was even better acquainted with it. She, too, recognised Lord Harry.

(To be continued.)

There are 1161 periodicals (including newspapers) in Spain, appearing at all sorts of intervals. They issue a total of 1,249,131 copies, being an average of 1075 copies each. Of them, 496 are political, 237 scientific or technical, and 113 religious. The remaining 315 deal with all kinds of subjects—literary, theatrical, humorous, musical, bull-fights, &c. The 496 political papers and magazines issue 783,652 copies, which would give one to every twenty-three persons of the whole population of Spain. Of these political periodicals, 370, with an issue of 513,769 copies, represent Monarchical opinions; 104, with an issue of 269,883 copies, support Republican views. Madrid publishes 327 of the whole; Barcelona has 117; Seville, 38; Cadiz and Valencia, each 32; Alicante, 30; Tarragona and Murcia, each 29; Saragossa, 28; and the same number in the Balearic Islands.

THE GRATITUDE OF POSTERITY.

We are all of us fond of drawing cheques upon banks which cannot return them; but on no bank do men draw more freely than on posterity. They know that in this case their cheques can never be dishonoured in their own time; and as to what may happen afterwards—well, that is a matter for posterity to settle. Therefore, to posterity we freely pass on our unanswered questions, our unsolved problems; our moral, social, religious, and political difficulties—in fact, all the obstacles we cannot overcome and the perplexities through which we do not see our way are bequeathed to the consideration of posterity. An Irish Member asked (it is said), "Pray, Mr. Speaker, what has posterity done for us?" and paused for the information that not even a Government department could supply; but the trifling circumstance that posterity has done nothing for us, seems in no wise to diminish our enthusiasm to do a good deal for posterity. This action on our part is not, it is true, wholly unselfish. For our cares and our pains we expect a reward—the gratitude of posterity. We affirm to ourselves that the good works we do are not done in our own interest, for our own advantage. If we build schools and ventilate prisons, if we write books and paint pictures, if we make new laws and renovate our religious dogmas, if we propound new ethical systems—it is all for the benefit of "the coming race"—of those vague, indefinite, unknown millions whom we call "posterity." Wars are waged, colonies founded, explorations undertaken, social revolutions accomplished—all for the sake of posterity, which is expected to give us in return its lauds, though we shall be in no condition to enjoy them!

For if there be anything certain in this world of uncertainties it is that what posterity may think of our labours, and of the recompense we hope for them, we shall never know! The trump of Fame may send its ringing blast through long spaces of time, or its echoes may die away before the bones of this generation have crumbled into dust; which ever it may be, we shall have no means of ascertaining, unless the spiritualism of the future be a great deal more successful than that of the present. Herein lies the inherent weakness of our position: we rely on the gratitude of posterity, but are unable to ensure it. We may flatter ourselves that an admiring posterity will read our books and buy our pictures; crowd our schools and fill our prisons (as it probably will do); accept of all our good things, and praise us accordingly—but then, it may not. We are casting our bread upon the waters; and no one can say whether it will ever be picked up. Well, if we persist in drawing cheques without knowing whether the bank will meet them, we must, as we have already said, leave the issue to posterity.

It might be of advantage to remember that we ourselves—we of the present generation—are a posterity; that our forefathers, in their time, drew upon us, as we now draw upon our children and our children's children; and bequeathed no end of legacies to us, as we propose to bequeath no end of legacies to our successors. They, too, looked for their reward. Well, how do we acknowledge the cheques? What do we think of the legacies? How much gratitude have we supplied towards satisfying the immense reclamations made by our predecessors? To answer these questions fully would necessitate a survey of the whole record of the past; and we must be content with a suggestion or two, caught from times and topics close at hand. Our National Debt, for instance, was all, or nearly all, accumulated (we are told) for the benefit of posterity; but whether posterity feels grateful for such expensive solicitude is open to doubt. Again, can we be expected to go down on our knees and thank our forebears for having saddled upon us the irrepressible Irish Question? Or, because they left to us (as Voltaire puts it) only one sauce and ever so many religions? What return could they reasonably expect for transmitting to "future ages" the London rough, the accomplished burglar, the political agitator, the sham philanthropist, the company projector, the quack, the hypocrite, and the humbug?

Gratitude, indeed! Have we not to re-write their histories, and re-adjust their philosophical systems? Have we not to repeal or amend their statutes? Have we not to revise their science, and repair or renew their creeds? It is true we owe to them (the debt is immense) Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Marlborough; but then we owe to them also Shakespeare's commentators and Milton's imitators, Bacon's detractors and Marlborough's critics. They have given us Westminster Abbey and the "towers of Julius"; but also the National Gallery and Buckingham Palace. We will not deny that a measure of praise is due to them for the great Plantagenets and the greater Elizabeth; but on the other side of the account are written names—which, however, it would be invidious to particularise. The printing press is, of course, a mighty boon; but what about libels, political invectives, and teetotal tracts? We are grateful for the steam-engine and the railway, though the former has deteriorated the muscles and thews of the people, and the latter driven out the stage-coach! We submit, then, that, on the whole, the *present* posterity (if we may use the expression) cannot be expected to acknowledge its obligations with unlimited fervour; that its expressions of gratitude must needs be discreetly qualified.

We have thus some data before us by which we may infer the amount of consideration we ourselves shall receive at the hands of our posterity. For a large portion of the legacy we shall bequeath them we must not expect any rapture of thanks. The griffin—the great cryptogram—the jerry-builder's villas—the music hall comic-singer—the sacred lamp of burlesque—the "shilling shocker"—the three-act farce—the mysteries in busses and trams—Mr. Froude's histories and Mr. Tupper's poetry, these, it is to be apprehended that the most sympathetic of our successors will regard with averted eye! But we have something, be it said, of higher and more enduring quality. We can point to noble literary effort, remarkable scientific investigation, and much fine artistic accomplishment. We can point to good work done in the course of human happiness, and to more begun. We have striven and are striving—we of the present generation—to soften and subdue the old traditional class hostilities, and the old traditional religious prejudices; to bring the advantages of a sound education within the reach of the poorest of our fellow-citizens; to promote the diffusion of healthy knowledge and political wisdom; to sweeten the lives of the toiling and moiling masses; to cheer with the voice of sympathy the suffering and the friendless; and to bind up the wounds of those who fall, worsted and stricken, in the throes of life's battle. We have striven and are striving to redress public grievances; to remove social inequalities; to maintain law and order with the cordial consent of the governed; and to strengthen and consolidate the vast fabric of empire which has been committed to our trust. Now, for these things, attempted or accomplished, we hope that, in spite of shortcomings and deficiencies, follies, and failures, we may obtain the reward we seek; and enjoy that posthumous luxury which is embodied, as it were, in the gratitude of posterity. W. H. D.-A.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION



NOBLESSE.

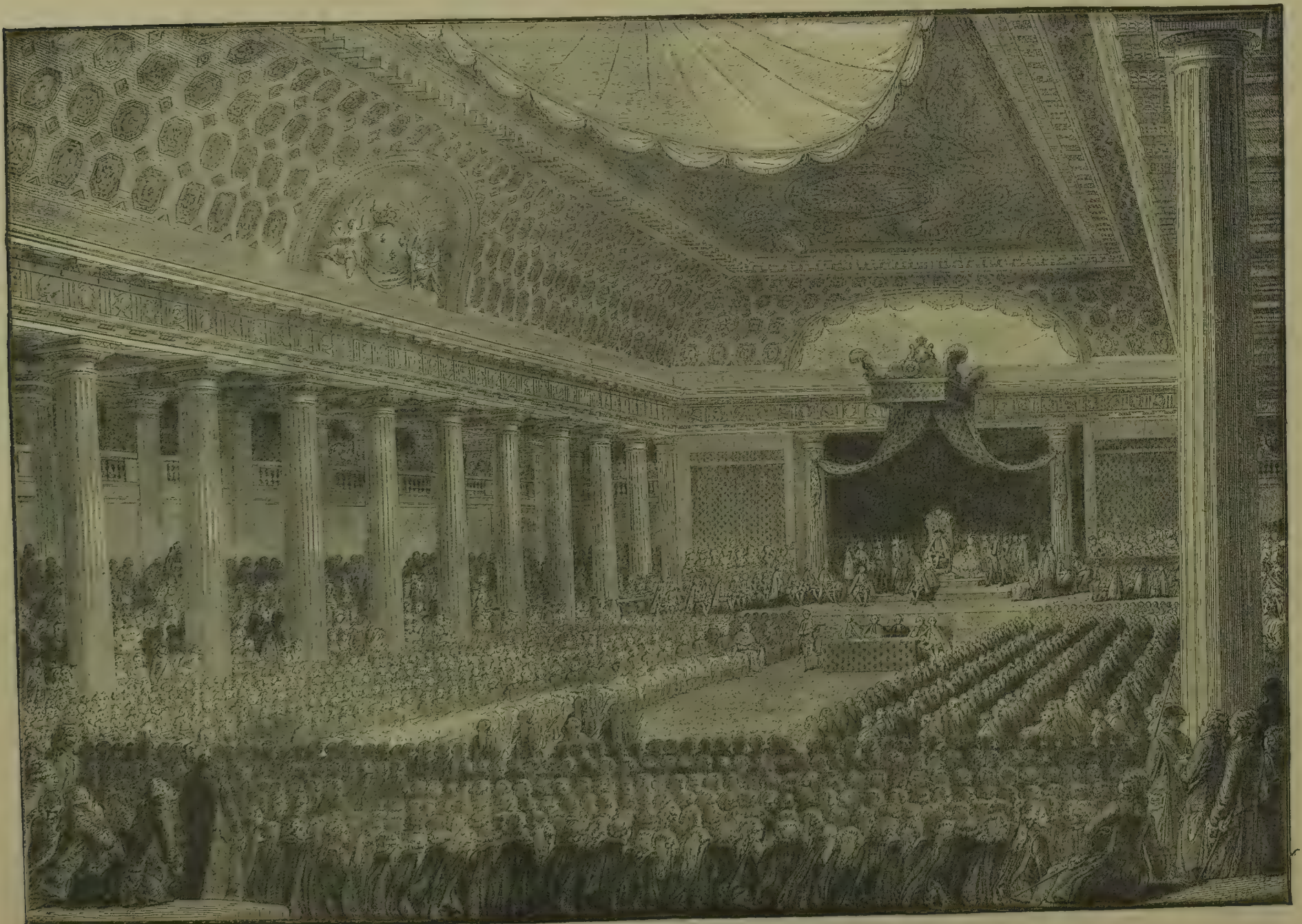


TIERS-ETAT.

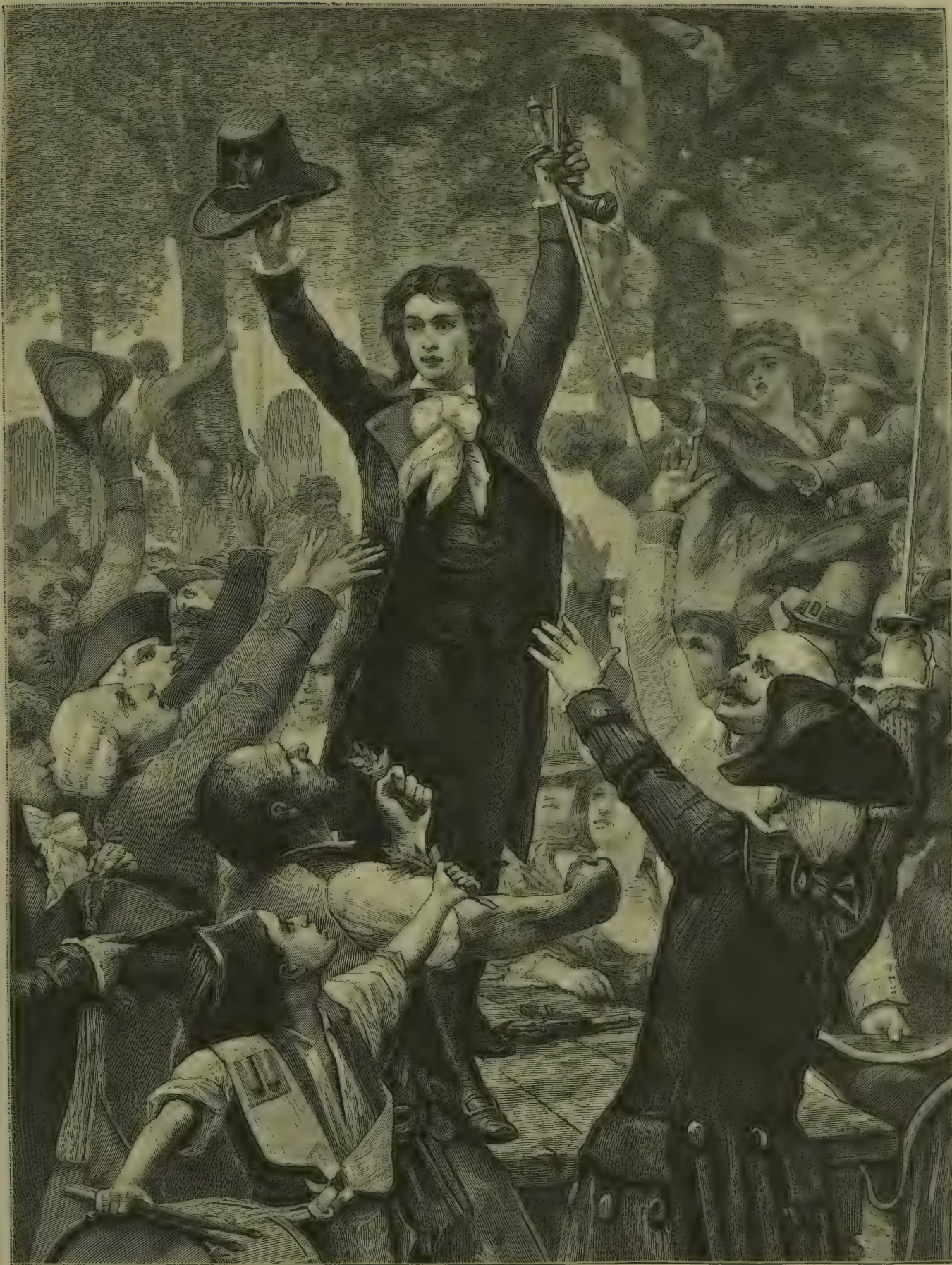


CLERGY.

COSTUME OF THE THREE ORDERS AS WORN AT THE OPENING OF THE STATES-GENERAL.



OPENING OF THE STATES-GENERAL AT VERSAILLES, MAY 5, 1789.
Reproduction of an Engraving after C. Monnet.



CAMILLE DESMOULINS AT THE PALAIS ROYAL, JULY 12, 1789.
After a Painting by F. J. Barrias, Salon of 1888.



VIEW OF PARIS AT THE PERIOD.
From a Print by Berthault.

THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789.

To speak of the French Revolution of 1789 as brought about by want of faith among the French people would be an entire misapprehension. The "cahiers," or memorials, which every town, district, and parish in France forwarded, explaining their needs and wishes, have been preserved, and show that the people of France, of every class and every condition, firmly believed in the possibility of regenerating the country. The people were still very loyal to the King, and had the utmost confidence in his good intentions and in his power to effect this end, if only well supported. And in this they were right. Probably no King ever more sincerely wished to do his duty; but Louis XVI. had not the least force of will. The interests threatened by any change were far too strong for him. He had, at different times, Ministers capable of doing much for the welfare of the country. Turgot was truly great; but Louis had not energy enough to support him in his far-seeing reforms, and Turgot had to resign. A similar fate befel Necker, a less able man, but honest and very popular. His advice to retrench expenditure made him hateful to the courtiers. Calonne, who succeeded him, indulged in such reckless financial prodigality that national bankruptcy became imminent. There seemed only one way of escape—the calling together of the States-General. A respite was sought in the appointment of Loménie De Brienne, Archbishop of Bordeaux, to the direction of affairs; but he, too, fell—not, however, before he had again pledged the King's word to call the States-General: a pledge which Necker, returning to office in November, 1788, wished to redeem, seeing, in fact, no other solution to the problem how to fill a bankrupt exchequer out of the pockets of a ruined people.

During the nine months from the time at which De Brienne definitely promised the States-General to that of their meeting at Versailles great excitement prevailed in France. No such event had happened for 175 years, and everyone was torn between hope and anxiety. Could they expect reform if the States-General voted by orders? Could they expect reform if it voted as one body? In the first case, the resolutions of the Tiers-Etat, or Commons, might be overthrown by the first two orders—the Clergy and the Noblesse. In the second case, the two privileged orders combined would swamp the representatives of the people. The Royal Council itself delivered the country from the last perplexity by resolving, on Dec. 27, 1788, that the Tiers-Etat should have a double representation. The decree was published on Jan. 1. It created a tumult of joy in Paris and throughout the country.

In February and March the regulations for conducting the elections were sent into the provinces. Only those contributing something towards the State were to vote, and they only for electors who were to elect the Deputies. With this limited suffrage, however, five millions of men took part in the elections. Every class was in some way represented, even serfs and women; the latter taking part as members of monastic corporations among the Clergy, and as holders of fiefs among the Noblesse. Those who called the States-General did it mainly to frighten the privileged classes into reforms that would replenish the Treasury. They did not expect the vision of the valley of dry bones would be fulfilled in a manner unparalleled in the history of nations.

OPENING OF THE STATES-GENERAL.

At length the long-desired day drew nigh. At the beginning of May Versailles saw gathered together the representatives of the Three Orders from every part of France. But those who had evoked this Frankenstein were more and more alarmed at the proportions it took. Every effort was made to keep the States-General within the old ruts of the seventeenth century. Nothing was more feared than the demand that the Deputies should vote by head rather than Order. To render this as difficult as possible precedents were disinterred, etiquette insisted on, even a special costume invented to mark in the most manifest way the distinction between the Three Orders.

The opening of the States-General was preceded by an act worthy of the solemnity of the crisis. King, Clergy, Noblesse, and Tiers-Etat all went in procession from the church of Notre Dame of Versailles to that of St. Louis, where they heard the Mass of the Holy Spirit, of which the typical words are "*Emittis Spiritum Tuum et creabuntur et renovabis faciem terre.*" It was a brilliant May day, and, what with the dazzling colours of the draperies from the houses and of the costumes of the Noblesse, the Court, and the ladies and gentlemen who crowded the windows, together with the sound of martial music, now approaching, now receding, mingled with the chanting of the priests, the roll of the drums, the blare of the trumpets, the people clapping their hands and weeping for joy, everyone experienced a strange combination of hope and dread, of trembling and delight. It was dimly felt that a New World was about to be born.

The next day, Tuesday, May 5, the actual opening of the States-General took place. When the vast concourse of the Deputies had been duly inducted into their right places, the sound of the heralds' trumpets was heard. All rose, and Louis XVI., as he entered, saluted the Assembly by raising his plumed hat. As he put it on again, the Clergy and the Noblesse did the same; the Tiers-Etat, to the consternation of the Master of the Ceremonies, following their example. He himself, however, had broken the old etiquette in not asking them to kneel in the Royal presence. The Tiers-Etat had determined on a course simple and clear. It was never to submit to the separation of the States-General into Three Orders, but resolutely to refuse to do anything until they were joined by the Nobility and the Clergy. A circumstance intended to mark their distinct inferiority favoured the end they had in view. While separate halls were appropriated to the first two orders, no special place was given the Third Estate; they were left by themselves in the great hall. They sent an invitation to the Nobility to join them. It was rejected by 183 votes to 46. They sent another to the Clergy. This refusal was far less absolute—out of 247 voting, there was only a feeble majority of 19 for refusal.

Meanwhile, the elections for Paris took place. Bailly, a member of the Academy, and Target, the first lawyer in Paris, both reputed honest men, were returned, with eighteen others, as representatives of the Tiers-Etat of Paris. The States-General now numbered 1213 members: 315 of the Clergy, 285 of the Noblesse, 613 of the Tiers-Etat. The latter were mainly drawn from the middle class, with a few peasants, but no artisans. On June 3 Bailly, the new Deputy for Paris, was chosen Dean of the Tiers-Etat.

THE STATES-GENERAL TRANSFORMED INTO A NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

More than a month passed away and the struggle between the Three Orders continued. The Tiers-Etat and the Noblesse rigidly maintained their respective attitudes, while the Clergy were more conciliatory. "The time has come," said Sieyès; "let us cut the cable. Let us summon the Clergy and Noblesse

to appear in the Common Hall within an hour, and if they do not come, let us proceed to business without them." It was on June 3 when this bold proposal was made and adopted. Neither Clergy nor Noblesse replied, but on the 6th three curés presented themselves, and on the following day six more attended the sitting of the Tiers-Etat. Amongst them was the Abbé Grégoire. On the 10th, after some debates, it was decided to take the title of "National Assembly," and in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators, as one man with one voice and six hundred outstretched arms, the National Assembly of France stood up and swore to fulfil faithfully and zealously all the duties laid upon it. Proceeding at once to exercise the power it had assumed, the National Assembly took in hand the control of the taxes and the responsibility for the public debts; and while asserting that all taxes hitherto raised had been illegal, it decreed that they should continue until the Assembly was fully constituted; but, if it was dissolved, should cease at once. The first two Orders were greatly excited at these acts, and a resolution was at once proposed in that of the Noblesse that the States-General should be dissolved. The Clergy were, on the contrary, sympathetic, and carried a resolution for "deliberation in common," which the Archbishop of Paris strove next day to get rescinded, but failed. Necker proposed that the King should cut the knot by giving the people a Charter, and founding a Constitutional Monarchy, with two Chambers. But it was a plan outside the course of things, and pleased neither of the contending parties.

THE OATH OF THE TENNIS-COURT.

On the morning of Saturday, June 20, it being expected that the Clergy would openly join the National Assembly, a great crowd had gathered at the door of the Hall of the Lesser Pleasures. It was closed, a placard announcing that, the King intending to hold a Royal sitting on the 22nd, the assemblies of the Orders, on account of the preparations, were suspended. It was four or five hours before the representatives of the French people, thus left without a meeting-place, could find another. It was a tennis-court, a mere shed, its bare sides painted black. No windows; but in the open spaces in the higher parts of the walls nets were drawn or gathered together like curtains at the sides of the wooden joists. A few forms, some chairs, and a table for the President—this was the sole furniture. The crowd filled the gallery and the spaces open to the light; in the court below stood six hundred deputies. What should they do? Mounier, the leader of the initial movement in the Dauphiny, proposed, and it was resolved "That, wherever the members of the National Assembly were gathered together there was the National Assembly, and that they would all unite in taking together at the same moment an oath never to separate, but to assemble from time to time whenever circumstances required, and until the constitution of the kingdom and public regeneration were established on solid foundations, and that each individual would confirm his oath by his signature." Bailly, having himself taken the oath, stood on the table, and repeating the words of the resolution in a voice loud enough to be heard in the street, called on the whole Assembly to swear, which they did, their right arms extended. One—Martin d'Auch—wrote "opposing" against his name. His fellow Deputies, at first furious, calmed down, and Bailly caused him to be let out of the court by a back way, so that he might run no risk from the crowd.

VICTORY OF THE TIERS-ETAT.

After this famous scene in the Tennis-Court, the Assembly adjourned to Monday, when the Royal sitting was to take place in their old hall, and where, once again in possession, they agreed among themselves that they would refuse to leave. However, to their chagrin the King put off the Royal sitting to the 23rd, and, moreover, they learnt that they could not have the tennis-court, as the Comte d'Artois had engaged it for a game. Nevertheless, the 22nd proved a great and joyful day. The clergy who wished to join them offered the use of the church of St. Louis. A table was placed in the nave for the President and the secretaries, and chairs for the members of the Assembly. At two o'clock the gates of the choir opened and 149 ecclesiastical Deputies filed out to take their places side by side with the Deputies of the Tiers-Etat. At their head came the two Archbishops of Vienne and Bordeaux, and the Bishops of Rodez, Coutances, and Chartres.

Next morning everything witnessed to the militant mood of the Court. Barriers were erected, troops were in the streets, and no one but the Deputies was allowed to approach the hall, and, as if to embitter the Tiers-Etat, its Deputies were kept for more than an hour outside in a sort of shed; and only when the two other orders were duly seated were they admitted. When the Court arrived the Noblesse cried "Vive le Roi!" but the Tiers-Etat made no response. Louis XVI. read his speech in his usual clear, simple way. Its concessions, ample enough, a month earlier, to have been welcomed as a beneficent revolution, were now regarded as absolutely inefficient and as only wrung out by fear. Some of the great principles insisted on in the "cahiers" were accepted.

But in the eyes of the people all was spoilt by the maintenance of the great point immediately in question: "The King wills that the ancient distinction of the Three Orders shall be preserved as essential to the constitution of the realm." And "I order you, Messieurs," were the King's final words, "to separate at once, and to render yourselves tomorrow morning in the halls devoted to the particular order to which each of you may belong."

The Clergy and the Nobles immediately retired, but the other Deputies and some curés remained motionless. A dead silence prevailed. The Master of the Ceremonies at last came to Bailly, and said in a low voice: "Monsieur, you know the intentions of the King." Bailly made some remark to those around, when Mirabeau, standing up, said: "Go, tell those who have sent you that we are here by the will of the Nation, and that physical force will alone drive us out."

The Court official, overawed by the leonine manner of Mirabeau, supported as it was by a chorus of Deputies who growled out: "Such is the will of the National Assembly," retired backward and fled—to his master. Louis walked up and down his room unable to decide what to do, then finally gave orders to let things be.

The man who seemed at this moment to hold the position in his hands was Necker. His popularity was immense, and he had increased it by refusing to be present at the declaration of the Royal charter which, originally his work, had been altered by the hidden camarilla. He had, it was reported, been, in consequence, dismissed; a tumultuous crowd filled the courts of the château. Necker appeared; the people threw themselves at his feet. These cries alarmed the Queen, who presented the Dauphin to the Deputies of the Noblesse, assuring them that she would teach him to cherish their order and to regard it as the best support of the Throne. Necker, however, was recalled, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of the leaders of the National Assembly, undertook the work of dragging the Court out of its difficulties.

On Midsummer's Day, the Clergy, who had already joined the National Assembly, appeared in the common hall, and that same evening the Liberal Deputies of the Noblesse announced their intention of doing the same. Next day a small body of

noblemen, representatives of some of the greatest and most historic names in France, headed by the Duke of Orleans, came to unite themselves with the National Assembly. On June 27 the President of the Order of the Noblesse was sent for by the King. "Monsieur de Luxembourg," said Louis XVI., "I beg the Order of the Noblesse to join the other two Orders, and, if it is not enough to beg them to do so, I will it." The Tiers-Etat had completely conquered; the Three Orders had merged into one National Assembly.

However, the struggle was far from concluded; it had, in fact, rapidly grown in its dimensions, and now the centre of the battle suddenly changed, and the Court, beaten by the Assembly, entered into a more dangerous contest with the Capital.

THE COURT PROJECTS A COUP D'ETAT.

The Tiers-Etat had conquered, but its victory was far from assured. Thirty thousand troops, it was said, had been massed between Versailles and the capital. Moreover, the inhabitants of the city learnt that the Court intended to recover its position by force—practically to depose the King, dissolve the Assembly, terrorise the people, and throw their leaders, even the most moderate, into the Bastille or execute them; that the Queen and the Princes were at the head of the conspiracy; and that the directors of the Coup d'Etat would be the Marshal De Broglie and the Baron De Besenval. Indubitable facts daily confirmed these rumours; chief of all, the concentration of troops round Paris.

On the evening of June 30 it was reported at the "Café de Foy," one of the chief sources of popular ebullition in the Palais Royal, that eleven Gardes Françaises, having sworn to obey no orders but those of the Assembly, had been imprisoned in the Abbey St. Germain, and were about to be transferred to the Bicêtre. Some young men shouted "À l'Abbaye!" and the crowd rushed off in the direction indicated, increasing in volume at every step, so that when the prison was reached there were some 4000 persons present. While workmen with picklocks and other instruments attacked the doors, the Hussars arrived; but the people, seizing the reins of their horses, called upon them not to interfere. The Hussars obeyed, the prison was forced, and fifteen soldiers, with some officers, set at liberty and carried triumphantly to the Palais Royal, where they were feasted and accommodated with camp-beds.

This attack on the prisons of the Abbey of St. Germain clearly indicated the complete break-down of all the ancient authorities in Paris. This consideration alarmed many of the Parisians, and the anxiety was increased by the presence of large numbers of unemployed persons, both in and outside the city, driven, probably, to the capital by the stoppage through the country of much ordinary business. Gaunt figures in rags, with great sticks and empty wallets on their backs, evidently pouring in from the country, were a sight to rouse serious thoughts in the minds of those whose comfortable homes were planted in the midst of a population in which thousands already wanted food, and which had been suddenly stirred to a degree of unwonted excitement. That excitement was working itself up like the surf of an angry sea beating the rocks. But the crisis evoked a new power in France—the spirit of self-help. The citizens who felt alarmed associated together and patrolled the streets at night; relief-works were opened at Montmartre to give employment to the gaunt strangers with empty wallets and sticks.

On July 11 the King dismissed Necker, imposing, at the same time, absolute silence and his immediate departure from France. He obeyed, and the Government was at once placed in the hands of new Ministers, the Marshal De Broglie becoming Minister of War and the Baron De Besenval, Minister of Paris; the former being assisted by Foulon, an old and very unpopular official; the latter, by Berthier, Foulon's son-in-law. No information was given to the Assembly of what had happened, and the news did not ooze out in Paris until the next day.

It was Sunday afternoon, and the usual crowds were assembled in the Palais Royal. Suddenly a man rushed on the scene, and announced that Necker was dismissed. "Incredible! a trap!" However, it soon proved to be only too true. A young man in the crowd wonders why the people do not rise. He is pressed, almost lifted on to a table, and urged to say so. "To arms!" he cries, and then, perhaps, beholding some of the police in the throng around, he draws a pistol and swears that they shall never take him alive. Fastening a green ribbon on to his hat, he says: "Let us wear a green cockade, it is the colour of hope." He was nearly stifled with embraces, and everybody at once got some green ribbon, or a sprig of green from the trees, to put in his hat. From that hour the name of Camille Desmoulins became famous in Paris.

Two things were then done. A deputation of the people waited on the theatres, asking them to close as on a day of public mourning, and the busts of Necker and the Duke of Orleans were solemnly carried in procession through the streets to the cry of "Hats off!" At the Place Vendôme the processionists ran into two detachments of soldiers from the Royal German and the Lorraine Regiments, of which the main body was on the Place Louis XV., under the Prince de Lambesc. The soldiers drew their sabres, and amongst the killed was the young man carrying the bust of Necker. But the people, instead of running away, turned on the cavalry, driving them back with a shower of stones. The Prince de Lambesc, seeing his horsemen retreat, made for the Gardens of the Tuileries, where he terrified a number of women and children; upon which some Gardes Françaises, friendly to the people, fired off their muskets, and then, to add to the general alarm, a cannon went off. This was to warn the troops outside Paris to advance, but it also served to awaken the whole city, and the cry, "To arms!" became universal. In the evening the Royal Germans advancing into the heart of the city, the Gardes Françaises fired upon them, and killed three. Clearly an awful struggle was at hand, which would probably end in the subjugation of Paris, and in the dissolution of the Assembly. How were the citizens to meet such a crisis with no central authority to organise and direct their forces? seeing those which had existed hitherto were already moribund. The Electors of Paris were the only body having any root in the new order of things, and it was not very deep. On the advice of Thuriot, one of their number, some of them now went to the Hôtel de Ville, and proceeded to take measures for the security of the city.

It was time, for the hordes of famished men in the suburbs, catching the general excitement, set fire that very night to the barriers.

The Electors had the double problem to solve: how to supply Paris with food and how to defend it. The last problem was more easy than the first. It was decided to organise a militia of 48,000 men. Sixty thousand at once enrolled themselves, but there were no muskets; 50,000 pikes were ordered, but the people, unable to wait, sacked the Garde Meuble, which contained arms illustrating all periods of French history. Moreover, they took possession of a powder-boat, which they found at the Porte St. Nicolas; and, as if to culminate their good fortune, the Gardes Françaises appeared with a whole train of artillery.

Early on the morning of the 14th, news arrived at the Hôtel de Ville that a squadron of Hussars had presented themselves in the Faubourg St. Antoine, spreading general alarm and exciting the fury of the people, who had gone to the Governor of the Bastille to know his intentions. The committee at once dispatched the Commandant of the Paris Guard to look after these Hussars, and they sent a deputation to the Bastille to ask the Governor to withdraw the cannon. But it was in vain. All Paris that morning seemed to have one idea: "The Bastille must be taken." But how, and by what means?

THE PEOPLE ATTACK THE BASTILLE.

The Bastille was a fortress capable of standing out against a well-appointed army and experienced generals. It was surrounded by a double moat, and its walls, 102 ft. high and some 9½ ft. thick, were flanked by eight great towers. There was only one entrance, with two drawbridges, protected by cannon, and loop-holes from which the soldiers could shoot without running the slightest risk themselves. Moreover, the Bastille had an arsenal of its own, and was plentifully supplied with ammunition of all kinds. How was such a place to be taken by a population of which only a few, even of the Municipal Militia, had arms? Someone suggested the Invalides, where there were thousands of muskets and plenty of cannon, and the cry became so vehement that the Permanent Committee at the Hôtel de Ville (as the Electors who had taken on themselves the responsibility of conducting affairs were called) dispatched the Procureur of the city to request the Governor to give them up. M. De Sombreuil refusing, the crowds who accompanied the Procureur invaded the building and its precincts, seizing 28,000 muskets and twenty pieces of cannon, which extraordinary success was due, according to Taine, to the complicity of the soldiers appointed to guard the Invalides. But, just opposite, at the Ecole Militaire, lay De Besenval, his soldiers being mainly strangers to Paris and some from German-speaking populations.

What paralysed him? and, again, what paralysed the Marshal De Broglie? Why did they not prevent this attack on the Invalides, and the subsequent one on the Bastille? The reason is clear—they also could not count on their troops.

While the invasion of the Invalides was taking place, the Permanent Committee was negotiating with the Marquis de Launay, Governor of the Bastille. He was willing to withdraw his guns from the embrasures, but not to surrender the fortress, as Thuriot, according to a very dramatic story, went, and apparently on his own account, audaciously demanded. As he and the Governor were on the walls, they saw the street and open places in the neighbourhood black with moving crowds, and the garden of the arsenal already filled with armed men. The Governor conceived that Thuriot had betrayed him, the people that Thuriot was a traitor when they learnt that his mission had failed. Thus, unfortunately, both De Launay and the crowd were in bad humour at their first encounter. The parley was short, and ended in what looked like treachery; for the first drawbridge was lowered, then suddenly raised and a volley of shot poured on the people. For a moment there was hesitation, then an old soldier got on the roof of one of the guard-houses and another followed. The two sprang into the Governor's Court and broke the chains of the drawbridge with hatchets. It fell, and the people poured into the court. For the next hour they fired uselessly at the garrison, the losses were all on their own side. After a time they dragged some carriages into the court filled with straw, which they lighted, but the smoke only bewildered them. Meanwhile, deputation after deputation continued to arrive from the Hôtel de Ville hoping to effect a truce: but through various mistakes they failed, and the people grew more enraged and less willing to effect a settlement than ever. The news of this unequal struggle filled all Paris with excitement. The Gardes Françaises could no longer be restrained. They and others went to their commanders and asked for five cannon. Two columns then formed, one of civilians led by a tall and powerful young

fellow named Hulin, the other, composed of soldiers, led by Elie, an officer in the service of the Queen. They found the besiegers had made no real progress: five hours had elapsed, 83 were dead, 80 wounded, while there had only been one fatality among the besieged. However, the garrison were already talking of surrender, and the Governor, desperate at finding out the isolation of his position, rushed to the powder-magazine in order to blow himself and the fortress up at the same time. His men stopped him with their bayonets, and so prevented a frightful catastrophe. A parley was now sounded and the white flag raised; but the besiegers, considering it a trap, continued to fire. It was only after the second offer of surrender that the besiegers obtained a plank, and placing it against the parapet, a man ran up to get the paper. He fell into the moat, and was killed. Maillard, an usher in the law courts, now made the attempt, and succeeded. "We have," it said, "ten tons of powder; we will blow up both the garrison and the quarter if you do not accept the capitulation." The besiegers were only too glad to do so, and the drawbridge being lowered, Elie, Hulin, and Maillard sprang upon it. In about two minutes the door in front of the drawbridge was opened. "What do you want?" asked a soldier. "The surrender of the Bastille." At the same moment the conquerors had loosened the great drawbridge, the grenadier Arne springing upon it, followed by the crowd. At first the people were disposed to treat the garrison, who were drawn up in the great courtyard, with becoming humanity; but, unfortunately, some soldiers in the upper part of the Bastille, not aware of the surrender, fired down on the people. The crowd in fury turned on the garrison, and killed the very one who had prevented the whole quarter from being destroyed. The Governor was got with the greatest difficulty out of the fortress, and led to the Hôtel de Ville. But though Elie preceded with the capitulation on the point of his sword, and Hulin and Arne walked on either side of the prisoner, they were overpowered by the crowd, and by the



THE OATH IN THE TENNIS-COURT AT VERSAILLES, JUNE 20, 1789.

Reproduction of an Engraving after C. Monnet.

time they got to La Grève, De Launay was dragged away, and his head struck off on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. It was raised on the end of a pike, and this sanguinary vengeance did not terminate until other officers had been murdered and, finally, De Flesselles, the Provost of the Traders, whose hesitations or equivocations had drawn upon him the terrible suspicion of being a traitor. Meanwhile, the scene in the Hôtel de Ville, and all over the square, was so tempestuous that one of the electors exclaimed, "Is this the Day of Judgment?" Not a corner in the Bastille escaped the research of the conquerors. They descended into its deepest dungeons, finding many things intended for the torture of human beings; however, there were only seven prisoners in the cells. For three of them it was too late. The first, called the Comte de Soulanges, could neither find his friends nor his property; the second, named Whyte, had so entirely lost his reason as to be unable to explain why he was there; the third believed that they had come to lead him to execution, and when he was undeceived, he asked if Louis XV. was still alive, and, being informed, declared that he, then, was the oldest man in the world.

SUBMISSION AND FLIGHT OF THE COURT.

The news reached Versailles early in the evening. The Assembly was stupefied at the magnitude of the event. As to the Court, they would not believe it; the preparations for the attack in seven directions at once were just ready. Berthier was at the Ecole Militaire working out the details, and his father-in-law, Foulon, completing the needful arrangements at Versailles; and the Queen and her friend, Madame De Polignac, preparing to go to the Orangerie to animate the troops: it was incredible that the preparations of so many powerful people could fail in one day. The King went to bed as usual—the calmest person, probably, in Paris or Versailles—having told the Assembly he could do nothing; but that night the Duc de Liancourt, who, as Master of the Wardrobe, had free access to the Royal bed-chamber, went in and awoke Louis XVI., telling him how great and irresistible the movement was, and how dangerous it would become if he did not accept

it and take the Assembly into his confidence. "What! then," said the King, "it is a revolt?" "Sire," replied the Duke, "it is a revolution!"

Next day the King, accompanied only by his brothers, went down to the Assembly and made his submission, the Archbishop of Vienne plainly telling him that he must dismiss his Ministers. Eighty-eight Deputies, including Lafayette and Bailly, at once set out to convey to Paris the happy news of this new victory over the Court. Their arrival being unexpected there was no preparation, but the universal joy expressed itself in weeping and embracing. The Archbishop of Paris proposed a Te Deum, but at the very moment they rose to go to the cathedral, the vast congregation of people present with one voice acclaimed Lafayette commander-in-chief of the Municipal Militia. "And Bailly," cried a second body of voices, "Prévôt des Marchands." "No!" objected some one, "Mayor of Paris."

Paris having conquered the Court, now sent its terms of peace:—The King to visit his capital, the Ministers to be dismissed, Necker recalled, and the Bastille demolished. But such had already been the effect on the Court that before the Assembly could formulate the demands it was announced that the King would go to Paris, that the Ministers had resigned, and that Necker had been recalled.

The King prepared himself for his visit to Paris as a man going to death: he heard mass, took the communion, made his political testament; and then, without guards, but surrounded by three or four hundred Deputies, set out for the capital. At the barrier the new Mayor brought him the keys of the city, saying, "These are the keys which were presented to Henry IV. He had conquered his people: to-day the people have conquered their King." Lafayette preceded the procession, which passed through two silent lines of spectators, four or five feet deep, extending all the way from the barrier to the Hôtel de Ville. Two hundred thousand armed men, nearly all in civil costume, some even in religious—it was an ominous sight. Pallid and anxious, the King arrived at the Hôtel de Ville, being presented immediately on getting out with the new cockade: symbol of the Revolution. He took it and pinned it on his hat,

and then, passing under an archway of swords, he was escorted to a throne in the great hall. There addresses were presented, couched in enthusiastic terms of affection, but giving him to understand that the Royal power had altogether changed its character, that he would now reign only by the will of the people, and as long as he proved himself worthy of the position. Bailly led him to the window and asked him to speak. Words refused to come to his lips, his eyes filled with tears, and he could only say, "You can always count on my love." No prisoner in olden time who had publicly to make the *amende honorable* did it more completely than Louis XVI. on July 17, 1789. To Bailly and Lafayette, with whose nominations to their respective offices he had nothing to do, he said, "I am very pleased to see you Mayor;" to the Commander of the National Guard, "I confirm your nomination." The emigration of the French Noblesse commenced. The Comte d'Artois, the Contis, the Polignacs, the Marshal de Broglie, the Prince de Lambesc, the Comte de Vaudreuil, prominent persons in the late conspiracy, left the country; the Baron de Besenval, M. Foulon and his son-in-law, M. Berthier, were unable to escape.

POPULAR VENGEANCE AND UNIVERSAL PANIC.

These last two unfortunate officials were the subjects of popular vengeance. Foulon was particularly detested—hard, contemptuous speeches about the working classes being attributed to him. He was arrested by some peasants near Fontainebleau and brought to Paris, where, notwithstanding the energetic efforts of Lafayette and the electors, he was hanged in the Place de Grève by a furious crowd. His son-in-law was brought the same day into Paris and killed with great barbarity on the same spot.

It is at this period that Marat—"the Eye of the People"—appears on the scene. That eye so long fastened on the earth in dull anguish, now flashes from beneath its livid, haggard brow looks of vengeance; sleepless it turns ceaselessly in all directions, sees foes and traitors everywhere, suspects plots and underground machinations on all sides. There were, it was said, secret passages from the Bastille to Vincennes; and,



Prieur inv. Goulet

Berthault sculp

THE PEOPLE TAKING POSSESSION OF THE BASTILLE, JULY 14, 1789.
 Reproduction of an Engraving after Prieur.

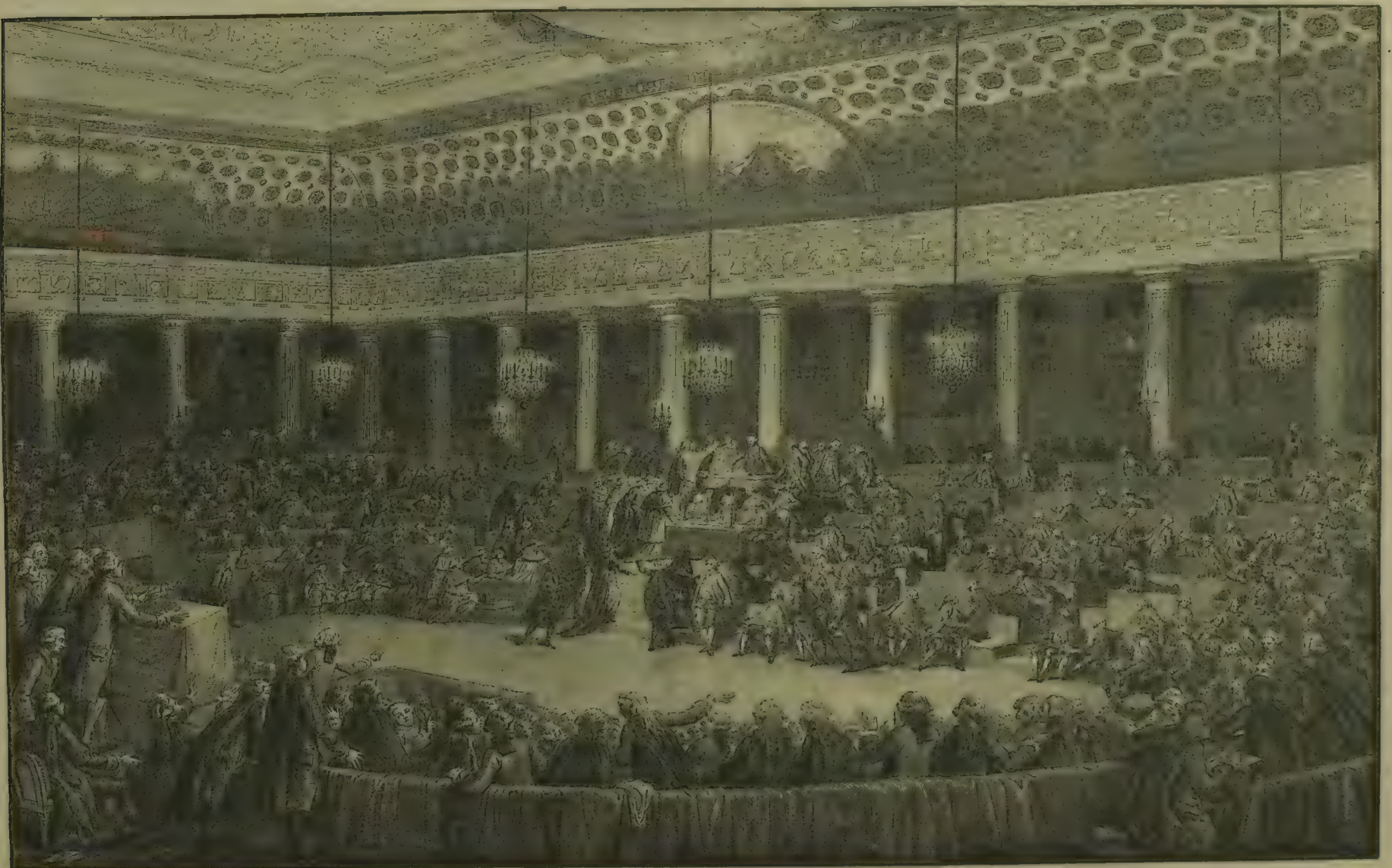


L. Carpentier sculp

PROCESSION OF THE PRISONERS FOUND IN THE BASTILLE: RUE ST. ANTOINE, JULY 14, 1789.
 Reproduction of a Print of the Period after L. Carpentier.



THE CONQUERORS OF THE BASTILLE.
After a Painting by François Flameng, Salon of 1881.



SURRENDER OF PRIVILEGES: NIGHT OF AUG. 4, 1789.
Reproduction of an Engraving after C. Monnet.

just as De Launay had threatened to destroy the Faubourg St. Antoine, so subterranean Paris would be made the scene of a vast gunpowder plot. The harvest was good, and yet the price of bread was rising; evidently there was a plot to starve the people, and in Paris and its neighbourhood the spirit ran that they were pitching sacks of flour into the Seine, and giving the horses of the cavalry corn to eat. This spirit of suspicion spread all over France; everywhere people believed themselves in danger of unknown enemies who would arrive in the night and murder them all in their beds. In one place it was the English who were marching upon them, in another the Austrians; elsewhere, the Comte d'Artois, with 16,000 men, sacking towns and intending to dissolve the National Assembly; but the cry was mostly more vague still. "The brigands are coming" was sufficient to make all the country people turn out of their villages armed with spades and pickaxes, prepared to struggle for their lives and homes.

Oppressed by every conceivable injustice, ill-paid work and forced work, by taxes direct and indirect, cruelly arranged so as to drain him to the last point, the peasant was everybody's servant and everybody's victim; fleeced by the Clergy, the Noblesse, and the Government, no one could well be more wretched. To maintain all these oppressions armies of excise-men, custom house officers, farmers of the taxes, police of all kinds, game-keepers, foresters, soldiers, magistrates, lawyers, jailers and executioners were required. Salt being so dear, and the tax upon it so unequally levied, everyone favoured the contrabandists, who found, under cover of vast forests, some parts of which were in primeval wildness, inexhaustible means of maintaining themselves against all the efforts of the law. Hence a vast population trained in crime. A writer in 1789 calls the excise on salt a frightful hydra, ever increasing the unhappiness of the people. But, after all, the excise on salt was only one of the innumerable burdens which fell on those whose labours helped so much to give France whatever wealth and prosperity she enjoyed. According to Necker, the taxes of France amounted to more than 385,000,000 of livres a year. But what the peasant was then enduring was not all: the resentment of ages lay smouldering in his soul. Now, on this famished, distorted being had dawned a great hope. His good King, his Sovereign, lord, and master, had deigned to ask him to state his grievances, and to elect a Deputy who would explain them more fully at Versailles; but suddenly this gleam had been obscured by rumours of dark plots to bring the bad old times back again, and of brigands who would suddenly destroy both him and his village. In a state of bewildered terror he learns the news of the great deed of July 14, and the thought arises in his mind, "Let us, too, destroy our Bastilles—those great castles whose towers have menaced us for ages, where are the dungeons in which we and our fathers have been plunged, at whose gates is the Court-House, with the gallows and the pit; let us destroy for ever these hateful dens of tyranny, and, above all, let us take care to burn the archives, for it is on their authority we are condemned to our servile condition." This movement occurred at once, and in all parts of the land, thus proving it was spontaneous. In the western provinces, and in those of the centre and of the south, the attack on the châteaux was sporadic; but in the east of France, over a stretch of country from seventy to 120 miles wide, from the extreme north of France to Provence, the conflagration was universal. It commenced first in the environs of Belfort and Vesoul, a feudal country where the taxes were exceptionally heavy; then spread through Alsace, Franche-Comté, Burgundy, Mâconnais, Beaujolais, Auvergne, Viennois, and Dauphiny. In Franche-Comté nearly forty châteaux or seigniorial mansions were pillaged or burnt; at Langres-à-Gray three out of every five; in the Dauphiny, twenty-seven burnt or devastated; five in the Viennois, besides all the monasteries; about nine in the Auvergne; sixty-two in the Mâconnais and the Beaujolais, without counting those in Alsace. In the latter province, and elsewhere, the insurrectionists showed placards signed "Louis," giving them authority to do justice on their own account for a certain time. Personal rancour had little to do with the movement, acts of private vengeance are not noticeable. It was simply "War against Feudalism." The same systematic attack on all that represented the old despotism occurred in the towns; the fortresses at Bordeaux, Dijon, St. Malo, Caen, Lyons, and Metz, were delivered up to the people; at Besançon, Rennes, Strasbourg, in Alsace and Franche-Comté the authorities were also dominated by the popular will. The arsenals more or less were taken possession of, and in this and other ways the people obtained some 400,000 muskets.

In the midst of a Revolution the most popular reputation is soon lost when its possessor misunderstands the course of events. There was nothing that struck Necker on his recall to France as more ominous than the degree to which the King's prestige had fallen, and now he himself, out of the current for only a fortnight, showed that he utterly misunderstood the character of the Revolution and the feeling of the people. Desiring to mollify his enemies, he, being a guest at the Hôtel de Ville on July 30, asked and obtained the pardon of De Besenval, the more important of the two leaders employed by the Court to crush Paris. It was a strange error to suppose a mere temporary body had acquired the prerogative of the supreme authority, and an entire misconception of the feeling of the people, who tore down the placard announcing its clemency. The people did not wish to pardon its enemies.

THE NIGHT OF THE 4TH OF AUGUST.

A report presented to the National Assembly on Aug. 3 described property as everywhere a prey to brigandage:—"Châteaux being burnt, convents destroyed, farms abandoned to pillage; taxes and seigniorial dues refused—the laws being without force, the magistrates without authority, and justice vainly sought in the law-courts." "Feudal rights," said a Deputy, "are the cause of all this evil—rights unjust, founded for the most part in force and violence, and of which the very name irritates those who live in the country."

One of the richest proprietors in France, and the owner of Rueil, Richelieu's magnificent château, the Duc d'Aiguillon, rose at the sitting of Aug. 4 to support the Vicomte de Noailles, who had proposed the redemption of feudal rights and the unconditional abolition of forced work, mainmortes, and other personal servitudes, and in so doing, the Duc d'Aiguillon said, "This insurrection, although culpable (for every violent aggression is so), can find its excuse in the vexation of which the people have been the victims."

A Breton peasant then addressed the Assembly, assuring the Deputies that the burning of the châteaux might have been prevented had the parchment giving the right to these exactions been burnt. He was followed by a Provençal Deputy, who called on the great to give up their pensions, which not only crushed the people by their enormity, but drew the rich from their estates. The words went home, and one nobleman after another rose to declare that he sacrificed his pension to the public good. An enthusiasm of renunciation seized upon

all. M. de Beauharnais proposed equality of penalties for patrician or plebeian, and every office to be open to all citizens; M. Colbin, the suppression of the seigniorial courts of law; the Bishop of Chartres, the abolition of the game laws, the scourge of every country-side; M. de Richer proposed that justice should be gratuitous; and others added that the sale of offices should come to an end. The Duc de Châtelet proposed the transformation of the tithe into a money payment, M. de la Rochefoucauld, the freedom of the serfs; M. Dupont, an increase in the salary of the curés; M. de Virieu, the abolition of the right of keeping pigeons; the curé Thibault offered to sacrifice clerical fees; others, all pluralism in benefices. After personal and class privileges, those possessed by various provinces and towns were sacrificed. The Deputies of Dauphiny, always foremost at each new stage in the Revolution, offered to surrender the very privileges for which, a year before, their constituents had been willing to fight. Brittany immediately followed; then came Provence, Burgundy, Languedoc; then the cities of Lyons, Marseilles, Strasbourg. The unity of France was accomplished. From the night of Aug. 4, 1789, it had ideally a common law, was one nation. The Archbishop of Paris concluded by proposing a "Te Deum," and Lally-Tollendal that Louis XVI. should be proclaimed the Restorer of French Liberty; upon which the King's friend, the Duc de Liancourt, proposed that a medal should be struck with an inscription to this effect to commemorate at all time this wonderful night.

At the sitting of Aug. 11 feudalism was entirely abolished. All duties or impositions having the character of personal servitude were abolished absolutely, the rest were to be subject to some sort of redemption. All individual privileges of hunting game, all seigniorial justice, all sale of offices, all pecuniary privileges, all peculiar privileges of any kind whatsoever in France were entirely abolished. Justice henceforth was to be administered gratuitously. Tithes were to be abolished as soon as a more equitable way of supporting the clergy and maintaining Divine worship had been arranged; no more money was to be paid to Rome, and no Envoy in future to be sent there.

THE DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

At this, the most stormy period of the year, the Assembly was assiduously engaged in laying the foundations of a new



THE BURNING OF THE CHÂTEAUX, SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1789.

Reproduction of an Engraving by Ph. J. Maillard.

order of things. All the ideas upon which they worked, all the principles which they enunciated, had first of all been set forth in the memorials which their constituents had prepared for the guidance of those who undertook to regenerate France. The cahiers contain, in fact, all the ideas of this period of the Revolution; in following them, the Constituent Assembly produced a constitution which was the most complete expression possible of the wishes of a nation. In prefacing it by a Declaration of Rights they followed the precedent set by England in 1689, and the United States in 1776; but on this occasion it must be admitted to have been still more necessary, since the people who had now arrived at political manhood were worse educated in the principles of liberty than those of England and the United States at the dates referred to. The Clergy were very urgent that there should be a declaration of duties as well as rights; but, it was replied, all rights imply duties, and, since it would be impossible to state a tithe of human duties, men might think those omitted were not binding. The religious manner in which it opens was due to the Abbé Grégoire.

The preamble and first articles of the Declaration were voted on Aug. 20; on the 22nd the great point of religious liberty was reached. "No one can be disquieted on account of his religious opinions, nor troubled in the exercise of his worship," such was the proposition; but the latter clause was too much for the Catholic clergy, who, though willing to leave the conscience undisturbed, were not prepared to grant freedom of worship to rival religions. Mirabeau and Rabaut St. Etienne exerted all their eloquence to maintain the proposition intact, but the Assembly got over the difficulty by an equivocal phrase, asserting that "no one ought to be disquieted in their religious opinions provided that their manifestation does not disturb public order." "This will admit the Inquisition," cried the Duc de Levis. On the 24th Liberty of the Press was voted, and the 26th saw this work completed, but it was only during the stormy hours in October that the King accorded his sanction. It was, however, regarded as law, engraved in two tables like those of Moses, and hung up in every good citizen's house.

THE NEW JOURNALISTS AND POPULAR IGNORANCE.

The Revolution ruined many trades and occupations, but vastly increased that of the printer. 1789 witnessed the rise of journalism. Before 1789 the true newspaper had but two or three representatives in Paris. But with each great movement of the year there was an eruption of new journals. With the opening of the States-General came Mirabeau's letters to his constituents, transformed in a short time into the *Courier de Provence*. Similar letters from Versailles were sent by various Deputies to their constituents. They were looked for with intense interest, the people filling the

provincial theatre to hear them, for in these days the drama was real, not fictitious. In Paris the sale of the new journals created an enormous street trade; the screaming newsboy is to-day a hundred years old, having been born in the midst of the Revolution of 1789.

Notwithstanding all this avidity after news, the modern newspaper, with its correspondents everywhere, was as little dreamt of as railways or telegraphs. Arthur Young, travelling in France, 1789, and being at Besançon on July 27, writes thus in his diary: "The backwardness of France is beyond credibility in everything that pertains to intelligence." He had not been able to see a single newspaper all the way from Strasbourg to Besançon, and at Besançon, though the capital of a province as large as half-a-dozen English counties, he could not get sight of a Paris newspaper.

It is to what he calls "this dreadful ignorance of the mass of the people of the events that most intimately concern them," that he attributes the disturbed state of the country. Thus, notwithstanding the decrees of Aug. 4 and 11, they did not understand that all, and more than all, they could desire was granted, so that riots were still occurring in various places.

The National Guard, now being organised all over France, gave their assistance in some places, and order was restored in the old fashion—several of the prisoners being hanged. In Franche-Comté, however, the peasants thoroughly defeated the National Guard. Semi-starvation and excitement did the work in Paris that the prevalence of legendary distortions did in the provinces. Unfortunately, just at the time this wave of vague discontent was passing over the country, the Assembly got into warm debate over the subject of the King's veto. This word, absolutely unintelligible to vast numbers of people, became one of the most famous in the Revolution. Many believed the veto to be a dangerous person who ought to be strung up "à la lanterne"; others that it was a tax. Virieu assured the Assembly that two rustics talking together of the veto, one said to the other:—"Do you know what it is?" "No." "Well, this—you have your spoon full of soup; the King says: 'Spill that soup,' and you have got to do it." This way of putting it, however, was not without truth—the veto left it in the power of one man to reverse the wishes of millions. The Assembly could not resist the popular feeling, and voted for the suspensive veto simply. This result was made more easy by the very humble attitude Louis himself took on the subject. He made some demur to the decrees of Aug. 11. He was then offered the Declaration of Rights. He was still more evasive, and the Assembly still more exacting. His hesitation, his modest attitude, were, it is to be feared, only a device to gain time. The Court had a new coup-d'état in preparation.

THE BANQUET TO THE OFFICERS AT VERSAILLES.

On Sept. 14, the old Admiral d'Estaing wrote to the Queen:—"They tell me in good society—and what, just Heaven, if it spreads among the people!—they repeat to me that signatures are being collected among the Clergy and among the Noblesse. Some pretend that it is with the King's sanction; others believe he knows nothing about it. It is confidently asserted that there is an organised plan—that it is through Champagne or by Verdun that the King will withdraw or be carried off; that he will go to Metz. M. de Bouillé is named. . . . M. de Breteuil, who delays going away, is to lead the attempt. Money is being got together, a million and a half is promised in a month. Such is the scheme. . . . I supplicate the Queen," he concludes, "to consider in her wisdom what might happen from a false step: the first cost dear enough. . . . This time it would be floods of blood that one would have to regret." The plot in effect did exist, and to carry it out troops were planted at various points on the road to Metz. But there were not enough, and only a small portion of the army could be relied on.

On Oct. 1 a banquet was given in the Theatre of Versailles by the King's Bodyguard to the officers of the newly-arrived Regiment of Flanders and other officers at Versailles. Altogether, covers were laid for 300 guests, and the repast was one of the most sumptuous procurable.

When under the stimulus of wine, a double military orchestra, the blaze of lustres and the presence of ladies of the Court watching the scene from the boxes, the officers were sufficiently excited, the Queen suddenly appeared, followed by Louis XVI. himself in hunting costume. She led the Dauphin by the hand, and, as she approached the tables, took him in her arms and presented him to the officers. The sight of a Queen, beautiful and dignified, appealing for help against a mutinous people, aroused all their chivalry; and as the Royal party withdrew amidst the music of the air: "O Richard! ô mon roi! l'univers t'abandonne," the guests drew their swords, tore off their tri-coloured cockades, and put on the Royal white, freely offered by their hosts, who still wore them. And then the band struck up "The March of the Uhlans," the officers became delirious with excitement, scaled the boxes, rushed into the marble court and behaved themselves like madmen. "I am enchanted with Thursday," said the Queen to some deputation that waited upon her; and instead of stopping the scandal the feasts went on. At another, in the riding-school on the 3rd, the expressions were of such a character that certain officers of the National Guard present withdrew—indeed, their uniforms laid them open to insult, and wherever a lady met a young officer with a tri-coloured cockade in the precincts of the Court she took it off and put on one of white. Paris was wild with indignation. On the very night of the feast in the theatre, Danton, strong, fresh, and intense, thundered at the Cordeliers. On Sunday, the 4th, black and white cockades, the Austrian and Bourbon colours, were torn from anyone daring to wear them. Crowds gathered everywhere, talking fiercely of the approaching war, of the league of the Princes with the Germans, of the foreign uniforms seen at Versailles, of the lessening supply of corn. "Unless," they said, "we fetch the King to Paris, they will carry him off."

THE WOMEN GO TO FETCH THE KING TO PARIS.

This notion, that whoever possessed the King could turn off or turn on the flow of national wellbeing, shows how living was still the faith in the supernatural character of Royalty. But to seize the idol in its own temple and bring it with shouts of joy into their midst, this was a sacrilege only possible to the most enthusiastic believers, to the blindest devotees. Thus, at this moment it was the women who took the lead, and not the men; and the centre from which they swarmed was the Halles and the Palais Royal.

On Sunday afternoon a decently-clad woman about thirty-six years of age was going about the district of St. Denis-au-Palais Royal, telling the people that this was what they must do. And very early on Oct. 5 another, a girl, appeared in the district of the Halles, beating a drum. She was soon followed by a crowd of women, which, ever increasing in volume, marched

in the direction of the Hôtel de Ville. The nucleus of the procession was girls dressed in white, their hair powdered. They evidently expected to fetch the King en fête, but were soon undeceived as to the nature of the work, for their way was at once stopped by the bayonets of the National Guard. However, they assailed both cavalry and infantry with stones, and forced the Hôtel de Ville, where they informed the authorities that men being such cowards they intended to show them what courage was; that, as for those in office, they ought to be hanged, and all their useless scribble burnt. Meanwhile, the Faubourg St. Antoine had been aroused, and a vast body of men armed with pikes filled the Place de Grève, but the women would not allow them to enter the Hôtel de Ville. However, about half-past ten they broke into the building, and, while some went to seize arms, others mounted the belfry to sound the tocsin. At this juncture a tall figure dressed in black appeared on the scene. It was Stanislas Maillard, one of the conquerors of the Bastille. His imposing manner, his solemn appearance, affected the women, and they proclaimed him their captain. He put himself at their head, and was followed by some thousands of women. After them came a troop of armed men and a company of the volunteers of the Bastille. On the Place Louis XV. their numbers were augmented by detachments from all parts of the city, armed with guns, pistols, lances, and two cannon. Maillard conducted his strange army with remarkable prudence. He prevented them going to the arsenal to get ammunition; induced them even to give up their arms, "for," said he, "women need no other weapons than prayers and threats." At Sèvres the shops were all closed; he could obtain only eight loaves from the bakers to divide between 8000 persons. Moreover, it was raining, and so, covered with mud, they arrived at Versailles. Here he divided the women into three columns, and proposed that they should sing the air "Henri IV." to assure the good people in Versailles of their pacific intentions.

The King and Court so little expected this visit that the former had gone out shooting in the woods of Meudon. He had just put down in his pocket-book: "Killed 81 head of game," when the news was brought him. Arrived at the palace he was asked what orders he had to give: "Orders!" he replied, "orders against women? You are joking!" Nevertheless, the soldiers were arranged so as to defend each of the three approaches.

When the women reached the doors of the National Assembly, Maillard exerted his authority to prevent any but a small deputation from intruding on its majesty. They were received, so it was reported, "with great joy and affability." Maillard spoke on their behalf, and he did it with that disinterested assurance, that calm self-possession which made him so invaluable on this eventful day. He spoke chiefly of the horrible state of Paris, of the convoys intercepted by other cities or by the aristocrats. They wish, he said, to kill us. He was again and again interrupted, sometimes by the Deputies, sometimes by the women, at times by the President, Mounier; but he maintained his sangfroid, and would not be satisfied until it was proposed that a deputation of the women should be introduced by the President of the Assembly to the King.

When Mounier, the women, and several Deputies came out it was raining heavily. They were followed immediately into the avenues by the pallid, draggled crowd, and the soldiers, alarmed, charged and scattered them. Mounier would only allow six of the women to go with him, and these apparently were the younger and better clad. Pierrette Chabry spoke for her companions, but was so overcome with excitement that she fainted. The King called for a smelling-bottle, and then for a goblet of wine. She came to, and begged to kiss his hand. Louis embraced her, saying that she was "well worth the trouble." He promised, moreover, to consider the request of his visitors, who were delighted, and went away crying "Vive le Roi! vive sa maison! To-morrow we shall have bread!"

But the crowd outside were not so satisfied. "Where's the proof," they cried, "that the King has agreed to what we wish?" Pierrette could only repeat the story of his goodness, his embrace, and his compliment. They laughed scornfully, and two women flung their garters round her neck and tried to strangle her. Happily the others drove them off and saved her, but she was obliged to go back to the King and ask him to put his promise in writing, which he not only did, but even went on the balcony with her to assure the people of her innocence. Still more, he sent Maillard and thirty-nine of them back in coaches to convey the news of their success to Paris.

Meanwhile, correspondent events were proceeding in Paris. Bailly and Lafayette had arrived, and the latter, with his troops, was awaiting on the square the result of the deliberations at the Hôtel de Ville. Finally the order came authorising him to depart, and he set off for Versailles followed by 15,000 National Guards. A cold autumnal rain was falling, and it was not until past midnight that this second procession reached Versailles. Much had happened since Maillard and his thirty-nine companions had left for Paris. Collisions had taken place, and the people had even tried to fire off their cannon; but the match refused to light. Only one man in Versailles concerned himself to provide food and lodging for this great starving, shelterless host.

Laurent Lecointre, a draper in Versailles, and the head of the National Guard, went from one regiment to another, beseeching them to be careful and to avoid the horrors of civil war. Then he moved about the crowds outside the National Assembly. They placed him on a cannon, and by the light of one of the matches he discoursed in the same terms to a crowd from the slums of Paris. They told him they wanted bread and the end of the business. He promised bread if they would not scatter themselves over Versailles. But the Municipality of Versailles refused to honour his promise.

THE PEOPLE INVADE THE PALACE.

Mounier had been waiting for hours the discussions in the Council. The Court party urged immediate flight; Necker, trust in the people and residence in Paris. Louis decided not to fly but to accept the situation. Finally, he sent Mounier back with his acceptance of the Declaration of Rights.

On his arrival at Versailles, Lafayette immediately explained to the Assembly that he had come to calm the people, and to urge the King to send away the Regiment of Flanders, and say a word in favour of the national cockade. Then, much against the will of his soldiers, he went to the château. As he passed through an antechamber some courtier cried out, "Here comes Cromwell!" "Cromwell," he replied, "would not have come alone." He found the King with the Princes, he told them the people wanted two things—bread and the sending away of the troops. He offered to take charge of the palace; but Louis preferred to have his own Bodyguards. He then retired, and thinking all was well, went to rest, as did the King, and even the Queen.



"À VERSAILLES! À VERSAILLES!" WOMEN ON THE ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

From an Old Print.

At three o'clock the Assembly closed its sitting; at four all was silent; but about six in the morning some of the people entering the Court of the Ministers found the iron railings closed; they separated, in two parties, and, passing along the railings, arrived in the Royal Court. Suddenly a shot was fired, and a working-man fell dead. The noise aroused others, and in the Court of the Ministers one of the Bodyguards stabbed a National Guard; the people rushed to help him and killed the Bodyguard. The storm was rising, and birds of ill-omen—well-dressed men—fitted about the crowd. A tall man, with a Maltese star on his breast, was seen at the bottom of a staircase distributing money; a sinister woman at his side said "You need only spare Monsieur the Dauphin and the Duc d'Orléans."

The noise awoke the King, he and his valet went to the window and perceived the crowd, armed with pikes, making their way to the Queen's apartment. Louis XVI. went to arouse her, but lost his way. The château was soon filled with the Bodyguard; but the people drove them back from room to room. Cries of vengeance rose against the Queen; a Guard had just time to open the door leading to her room and shout "Save the Queen!" when the throng arrived. With hair dishevelled, and in a little yellow dressing-gown, Marie Antoinette flew to the King's room. Here the Dauphin and his sister were shortly brought.

Outside, the scene increased in terror. A man dressed as an ancient slave, a half-witted artist's model, had taken it into his head to decapitate the dead bodies of two of the Bodyguard who had been slain. The people, looking on with mingled wonder and horror, nicknamed him "Coupe-tête." The two heads were put on pikes and carried off in procession to Paris.

The courtiers fled, leaving the defence of the Royal family to the Bodyguard. The National Guard, under Sergeant-Major Hoche, came to assist them. Lafayette now appeared, and



"BON D'ACCORD"; OR, THE THREE ORDERS IN HARMONY.

Reproduction of an Old Print of the Period.

running right and left, tried to calm the storm. He soon found the people would be contented if the King himself assured them that he would come to Paris. He got the King into the balcony. "The King to Paris!" rose from a thousand throats, and Louis XVI. bowed assent, several persons in the Royal apartments rapidly writing this on scraps of paper, which were showered down on the people. Cries now arose for the Queen. Lafayette urged her to respond. She took hold of her children and went to the balcony. "No children! no children!" She returned dismayed. Lafayette pressed her to return. "Did you not hear what they said?" He led her himself on the balcony and kissed her hand. "Vive le Général! Vive la Reine!" rose on all sides. To render the reconciliation complete, Lafayette now took one of the Bodyguards on to the balcony, and embracing him, put the national cockade on his hat. The people raised their hats on the ends of their

pikes, and the Bodyguards waved their sashes from the windows of the château.

THE PEOPLE BRING THE KING TO PARIS.

It was one o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, Oct. 6, when the King left Versailles. Thirty thousand people accompanied the King. First came the National Guard, each carrying a loaf on the end of his bayonet. They were followed by a mingled crowd: men with pikes, workmen and women—some of the latter riding on the cannon, others mounted on the soldiers' horses or wearing their hats. Then, preceded by carts full of corn and covered with foliage, came the Royal coach containing the Royal family and Madame de Tourzel, the governess. Surrounded and followed by the Dragoons, the Cent-Suisses, the Bodyguard, and the great body of the people, all mingled pell-mell, with little order and no ceremony. The people danced and sang, and, pointing to the carts laden with corn, cried: "We bring the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy." It was a clear, bright, autumnal day; and as the great branches of the trees waved along the road with long loaves of bread appearing everywhere among the leaves, it seemed some modern reproduction of a feast of Ceres.

Paris had remained, as on previous anxious nights, illuminated. At three o'clock in the morning Pierrette Chabry arrived, the harbinger of glad tidings. In about an hour Maillard and his thirty-nine companions appeared. They gave a stirring account of what had happened and were regaled with a good supper. At six came a letter from Lafayette to the Three Hundred, assuring them all was well; but at that very moment the people had invaded the Royal palace and all was struggle and confusion. At midday, a man and a boy were seen parading the streets with two heads on pikes. It was nine in the evening before the King reached the Hôtel de Ville. Louis XVI. was placed on the throne and an address read to him. He was dumb. Bailly then repeated what the King had said on entering into Paris: "It is always with pleasure that I see myself in the midst of the inhabitants of my good city of Paris." "You forget that he said 'with pleasure and confidence,'" remarked the Queen. The enthusiasm was great, the windows were opened and lights placed in each casement in order that the vast crowds might see the Royal family. At last, worn out with fatigue and emotion, they reached the Tuilleries. "How ugly everything is!" cried the Dauphin. "Let everyone find the best lodgings he can!" said the King: "as for me, I am comfortable." However, when some furniture came from Versailles, it was observed that while the Queen had ordered her library, Louis had only sent for his books of devotion and a life of Charles I.

ECCLIESIASTICAL PROPERTY NATIONALISED.

On Oct. 19 the National Assembly followed the King to Paris, and was received by Bailly and Lafayette in the Archbishop's palace. It had not been more than two days in Paris when the stupid and cruel murder of the baker François occurred, and the Assembly at once proceeded to vote a law similar in idea to the Riot Act. It provided for the intervention of the military in case of grave disturbance of the public peace, with various warnings before actually entering into conflict with the crowd. Robespierre opposed it, saying, "In order to appease commotions it is necessary to go back to their cause. And that cause being the existence of a conspiracy to stifle the new-born liberties of France, what is needed is a national tribunal and a national prosecutor." The Assembly was beginning to recognise that this Monsieur Roberts-Pierre, as he was then generally called, had a spirit likely to prove terrible. Mirabeau observed: "That man will do something, for he believes all he says." He was, in fact, a frequent speaker in the Assembly, manifesting in all he said and in every action he took the extraordinary nature of his subsequent career. The debate on the nationalisation of the Church property had commenced at Versailles, but mainly took place in the Archbishop's palace in Paris, and here the final resolution was taken. Of all the scandals of the old régime none were, perhaps, more glaring than the wealth of the Church and its distribution. In 1789 the yearly income of the Gallican Church was more than 224,000,000 livres, derived from woods, houses, lands, and money. Its landed property capitalised was estimated by the Bishop of Autun, in a speech delivered before the Assembly on Oct. 10, 1789, as not less than 2,100,000,000 livres. It owned one half of the land in the provinces of Roussillon, Alsace, and Franche-Comté; and three parts in Hainault-Français and Artois. Added to this it drew large sums from many sources, for at nearly every turn in life it levied a toll—at birth, baptism, marriage, death, burial; it gained money by dispensations and licenses, and various collections; altogether it is estimated it had an annual income of at least 230,000,000 livres. And this enormous revenue was distributed in a manner to the last degree scandalous. The higher clergy, mostly men of aristocratic birth, obtained the lion's share. There were eighteen archbishops, 113 bishops, 1922 abbés, and it was mainly to these dignitaries that the bulk of the money went; but even among the select few the same prodigious inequality prevailed. The Cardinal de Rohan, of diamond necklace notoriety, was in receipt of 500,000 livres from his various offices and benefices, one of which, the abbey of Saint-Waast, brought him in alone 300,000 livres per annum, when he received, in addition, one of the very richest bishoprics in France—Strasbourg. No wonder his style of life was sybaritic. On the other hand, the parish clergy, who did the real

work of the Church, were miserably paid, getting about 600 or 700 livres each, and what they could get by collections. They had to divide the tithes with all sorts of people. One priest complained that an abbot he never saw drew annually 57,000 livres out of his parish. No wonder that the cahiers of the clergy were so revolutionary—that May, 1789 witnessed a positive insurrection of the curés! Two centuries and a half persistent opposition to reform had ended in an alienation from the Church which among many approached hatred. The most savage cry which rose from the crowd on the march from Versailles to Paris, on Oct. 6, was "Les calotins à la lanterne!" the carriage of a Deputy being visited to see if there were any "calotins" to hang. Nevertheless, a vast number of the clergy—curés and monastics—were ardent for the Revolution; and in Paris some of the most eminent of its leaders were clergymen—Sieyès, Fauchet, and D'Ormesson. In fact the



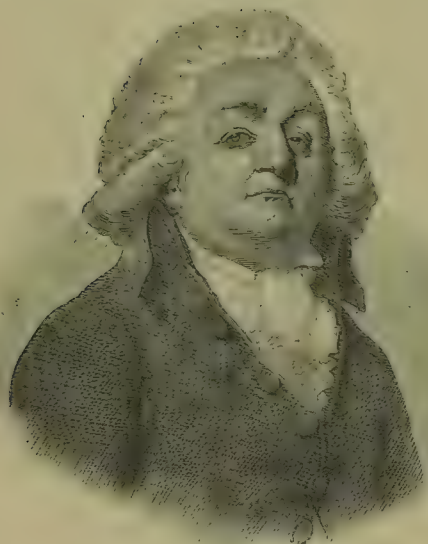
1789



NECKER.



LAFAYETTE.



MIRABEAU.



LOUIS XVI.



BAILLY.



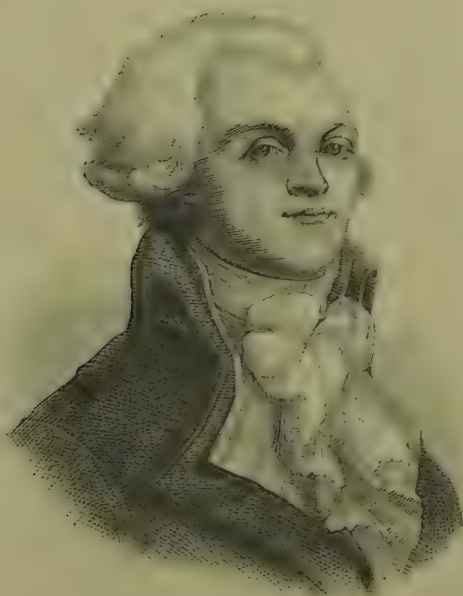
ABBÉ GRÉGOIRE.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.



RABAUT ST. ETIENNE.



ROBESPIERRE.



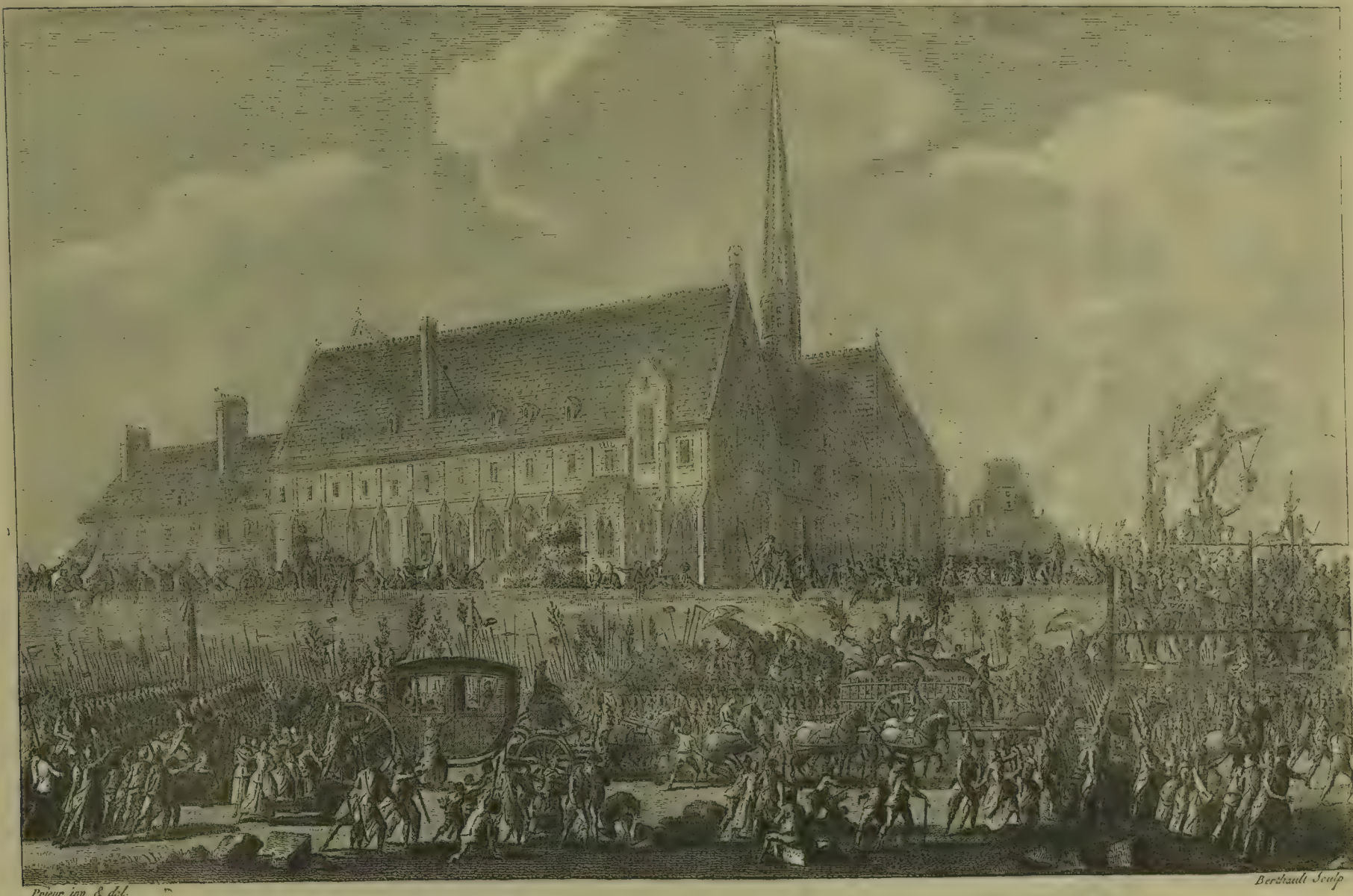
SIEYÈS.



CAMILLE DESMOULINS.

SOME OF THE MORE REMARKABLE PERSONAGES

IN 1789.



THE KING, ACCOMPANIED BY 30,000 PERSONS, ON THE ROAD FROM VERSAILLES TO PARIS, OCT. 6, 1789.

Reproduction of an Engraving after Prieur.

ecclesiastical spirit of the time was not at all opposed to the Revolution, as long as it did not attempt to interfere with the Church. This assumption that there was still to be one arena in which privilege, inequality, superiority to law, were still to exist, brought on the Church an attack exactly in conformity with the spirit of the times. In former periods it would have come from pulpits or printing-presses, Jansenist or Protestant; in 1789 religious polemics were out of fashion, and something more popular was required. The last character in which the Protestant pastor or the Jansenist priest desired to appear was that of the sectarian disputant. The rôle they both affected was that of defender of religious liberty and an all-embracing fraternity. In 1789, accordingly, the work of exposing the spirit of clericalism was left to the theatre—to playwrights like Chenier and actors like Talma. Chenier's drama of "Charles IX." frightened Bailly and even the

Commune, and the latter, on whom the Mayor of Paris had thrown the responsibility of sanctioning its performance, delayed their consent until a pamphlet on the liberty of the theatre made them think it would be more dangerous to withhold it. When the play was announced at the Théâtre de la Nation for Nov. 3, a deputation of Bishops besought the King to forbid a piece which represented a Cardinal blessing assassins, waving before them a crucifix and promising himself to direct the carnage. But Louis XVI. could not afford such a stretch of authority, for his own position was not obscurely hinted at in that of Charles IX., vacillating between a good councillor and a bad, and driven at last to desperate crime by the overpowering will of a wicked Queen. Of course the piece was a success and the audience showed the intensity of their interest, for at the close of the fourth act, when the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois tolled the signal for the

massacre, they cried "Silence! Silence!" as if the lugubrious sound and the murders which followed might otherwise fail to make a sufficiently terrible impression.

The subject of Church property had been hinted at several times in previous debates, and doctrines of a new and trenchant character proclaimed—such, for example, as that Church property belonged to the nation, and that society had always the right to suppress a harmful institution; while some curés of the purely Evangelic type said, "We ought to have no property," and "Wealth is the ruin of religion." Maury raised the cry of "Spoliation! and where will you end?" In effect, the question divided the Assembly into the old parties, the Clerics affirming the rights of the Church, the Legists the supreme right of the Nation. Arguments, however, were of little import in the presence of a situation which presented National Bankruptcy, on the one side, and



RETURN OF SOME OF THE PEOPLE TO PARIS, AT AN EARLIER PERIOD OF THE SAME DAY.

From a Caricature of the Period.

property in the country belonging to no individual in particular, and valued at two thousand one hundred millions of livres. The temptation was irresistible; Church property seemed to have been accumulated for the express purpose of satisfying the rapacious maw of this awful Deficit. It was finally resolved on the proposition of Mirabeau that the Church property was at the disposal of the Nation; the charge of providing in a suitable manner for the expenses of worship, the support of the ministry and the relief of the poor to be under the care and guidance of the provinces. And that no curé should receive a salary less than 1200 francs, not including house and garden. This decree was voted by a majority of 222-568 votes against 346—and the day was Nov. 2, the Jour des Morts or All Souls' Day.

PASSING AWAY OF THE OLD LEGAL SYSTEM OF FRANCE.

There were, under the old régime in France, thirteen Parliaments. These were legal rather than political bodies, composed of Magistrates who not only administered the laws but claimed the right to consider and to register any new Royal Ordinance before it became law. But they were close-privileged bodies, with narrow, legal ideas, forming a caste in the body politic, having, therefore, an interest in making their offices as numerous as possible and their burdens as heavy as could be borne. In the five chambers into which the Parliament of Paris was divided, there were 135 Magistrates. They bought their places; a president's office—there were ten such—that cost half-a-million of francs. They got the money back out of the suitors, who had to pay heavily for their justice. It was reckoned that the item of "spices," as these judicial refreshers were called, amounted alone to fifty millions of francs. And these were by no means all the magistrates in Paris. The Chamber of Accounts had thirteen presidents, seventy-eight master councillors, thirty-eight correcting councillors, eighty-two auditing councillors; and the Board of Excise, eight presidents and fifty-two councillors. In addition to this army of judges was the famous Court of the Châtelet. At its head nominally presided the Provost of Paris, but the reality of his power was vested in his three lieutenants. The Châtelet had fifty-five judges. Beneath their jurisdiction had sprung up a vast multitude of officials—113 notaries, 230 attorneys (distinct from the 400 attached to the Parliament), 745 tipstiffs or ushers of the court, 240 vergers, 385 who served writs, &c., 120 who acted as auctioneers. The barristers of Paris numbered 600, to say nothing of the licentiate; then there were registrars, the criers, the clerks, the controllers, the refreshment stall-keepers, the doctors, the surgeons, the sworn midwives, and other experts attached to these courts; and when it is remembered that this was repeated sixteen or seventeen times over in the various jurisdictions of France, though not, of course, to the same extent, that of Paris being the largest in the kingdom, we see what thousands upon thousands of people were interested in the maintenance of the power of the Parliament. In January, 1789, all the world attended the funeral of the first President of the Parliament of Paris, who was buried in a manner befitting one of the most lofty dignitaries of the State; in a twelvemonth later the whole parliamentary world had vanished, and was as much forgotten as Monsieur d'Ormesson. And yet most of these institutions were more than 200 years old, four had existed more than 300 years, that of Toulouse nearly 400, while the Parliament of Paris was so venerable as to have lost the date of its institution. Moreover, they did not die without giving signs that it was against their will, and offering such resistance as they dared.

This victory of the National Assembly over the Court, the Noblesse, the Church, is nothing like so amazing as this over the representatives of legality in France. The sudden end of the French Parliaments proves to demonstration that the fall of the old régime came almost as naturally as the crash of an aged giant in a primeval forest, whose heart has long been eaten out and its very roots converted into touchwood.

ORGANISATION OF THE NEW FRANCE.

In the midst of this vast break-up of Old France, a New France appeared. The work which the National Assembly did in organising this young vigorous life, had more of the character of rough sketching than that perfection of administration to which a country can only hope to come by generations of serious effort to bring the actual and the ideal into harmony. However, it could hardly fail to do a good work if it only succeeded in introducing the ideas of simplicity, unity, order, and harmony into the new Constitution of France, so flagrantly had the old state of things set at naught these elemental principles.

Prior to 1789, France was divided in six different ways. Politically into provinces, financially into generalships, civilly into intendances, military into governments, ecclesiastically into dioceses, and judicially into bailiwicks and *sénéchaussées*. Between these six Frances there was apparently no tie except the Crown; moreover, their divisions were mostly quite different, their areas and boundaries having no relation one to the other, the confusion being increased by innumerable other disagreements. Different codes of law prevailed in the north and south; different forms of taxation in the various provinces—some were under a system of excise, others of benevolences; some paying the salt tax, some not; and those who did pay, paying at widely different rates. The impediments to trade, and, in fact, to anything which related to the common progress of the country, were inconceivable unless we imagine each province a foreign country to all the rest. Some were even so regarded. The southern and north-western provinces, Franche-Comté and Brittany, great part, in fact, of France, were actually considered foreign,

and the different provinces had their own custom-houses, the absurdity of the thing being manifested in the fact that Lorraine, the Trois Evêchés, and Alsace, had custom-houses on the side where their fellow-countrymen lived and none on the side open to those who were really foreigners, in the ordinary sense.

To do away with this was a primary thought in 1789, and the chief authors of the scheme which changed the map of France from the ancient provinces in eight-five Departments were Sieyès and Thouret. Sieyès, who lived down to our own time, wished to take all the credit on himself; but many had a share in it, the first scheme put forward being totally impracticable. Something of the geometrical character of Sieyès' mind passed into it after all, but with some consideration for natural boundaries and local habits. Each Department was divided into districts, each district into cantons. These cantons became the political units of the new France, the active or tax-paying citizens in each composing the primary assembly which chose an Elector, who, in union with others similarly chosen in a particular Department, chose both the Deputies to the National and Departmental Assemblies. The cantons were, according to local circumstances, aggregated into communes, who elected a Municipality and a Mayor to look after its affairs. Thus, local government was a leading principle in 1789, and, as the letter went, very systematically provided for.

In addition to this great work of organising local government all over France, the National Assembly entirely reformed the criminal procedure, which was deeply tainted with injustice, despotism, and cruelty. Torture and the barbarities of the wheel and the gallows were abolished. Capital punishment, unhappily, was still retained; but the Paris Deputy, Dr. Guillotin, introduced a system which it was believed would render it painless. Henceforth there were to be no secret examination, no more secret denunciations, every prisoner was to be examined within twenty-four hours, in the presence of certain reputable persons to be united with the Judge in this duty; moreover, he was to have the fullest

life of a people is a moment of suffering if out of it springs ages of redemption? Wounds close, and, at length, heal; the principles of justice, once established, remain; and it is to the everlasting honour of an epoch to have made them pass into the laws."

The narrative of those startling events of the year 1789, the Centenary of which is now being commemorated, may suitably be followed by the remarks of Thomas Carlyle, in his eloquent prose-epic, rather than "History," published just half a century ago:—

"Here, perhaps, is the place to fix, a little more precisely, what these two words, 'French Revolution,' shall mean; for, strictly considered, they may have as many meanings as there are speakers of them. All things are in revolution; in change from moment to moment, which becomes sensible from epoch to epoch: in this Time-World of ours there is properly nothing else but revolution and mutation, and even nothing else conceivable. Revolution, you answer, means *speedier* change. Whereupon one has still to ask: How speedy? At what degree of speed; in what particular points of this variable course, which varies in velocity, but can never stop till Time itself stops, does revolution begin and end?

"For ourselves we answer that French Revolution means here the open violent Rebellion, and Victory, of disimprisoned Anarchy against corrupt worn-out Authority: how Anarchy breaks prison; bursts up from the infinite Deep, and rages uncontrollable, immeasurable, enveloping a world; in phasis after phasis of fever-frenzy; till the frenzy burning itself out, and what elements of new Order it held (since all Force holds such) developing themselves, the Uncontrollable be got, if not reimprisoned, yet harnessed, and its mad forces made to work towards their object as sane regulated ones. For as Hierarchies and Dynasties of all kinds, Theocracies, Aristocracies, Autocracies, Strumpetocracies, have ruled over the world; so it was appointed, in the decrees of Providence, that this same Victorious Anarchy, Jacobinism, Sansculottism, French Revolution, Horrors of French Revolution, or what else mortals name it, should have its turn.

"Another question, which at every new turn will rise on us, is this: Where the French Revolution specially is? In the King's Palace, in his Majesty's or her Majesty's managements and mismanagements, cabals, imbecilities and woes, answer some few—whom we do not answer. In the National Assembly, answer a large mixed multitude: who accordingly seat themselves in the Reporter's Chair; and therefrom noting what Proclamations, Acts, Reports, passages of logic-fence, bursts of Parliamentary eloquence seem notable within doors, and what tumults and rumours of tumult become audible from without—produce volume on volume; and, naming it History of the French Revolution contentedly, publish the same. To do the like, to almost any extent, with so many Filed Newspapers, *Choix des Rapports*, *Histoires Parlementaires*, as there are, amounting to many horseloads, were easy for us. Easy but unprofitable. The National Assembly, named now Constituent Assembly, goes its course; making the Constitution; but the French Revolution also goes its course.

"In general, may we not say that the French Revolution lies in the heart and head of every violent-speaking, of every violent-thinking French Man? How the Twenty-five Millions of such,

in their perplexed combination, acting and counter-acting may give birth to events; which event successively is the cardinal one; and from what point of vision it may best be surveyed; this is a problem. Which problem the best insight, seeking light from all possible sources, shifting its point of vision whithersoever vision or glimpse of vision can be had, may employ itself in solving; and be well content to solve in some tolerably approximate way.

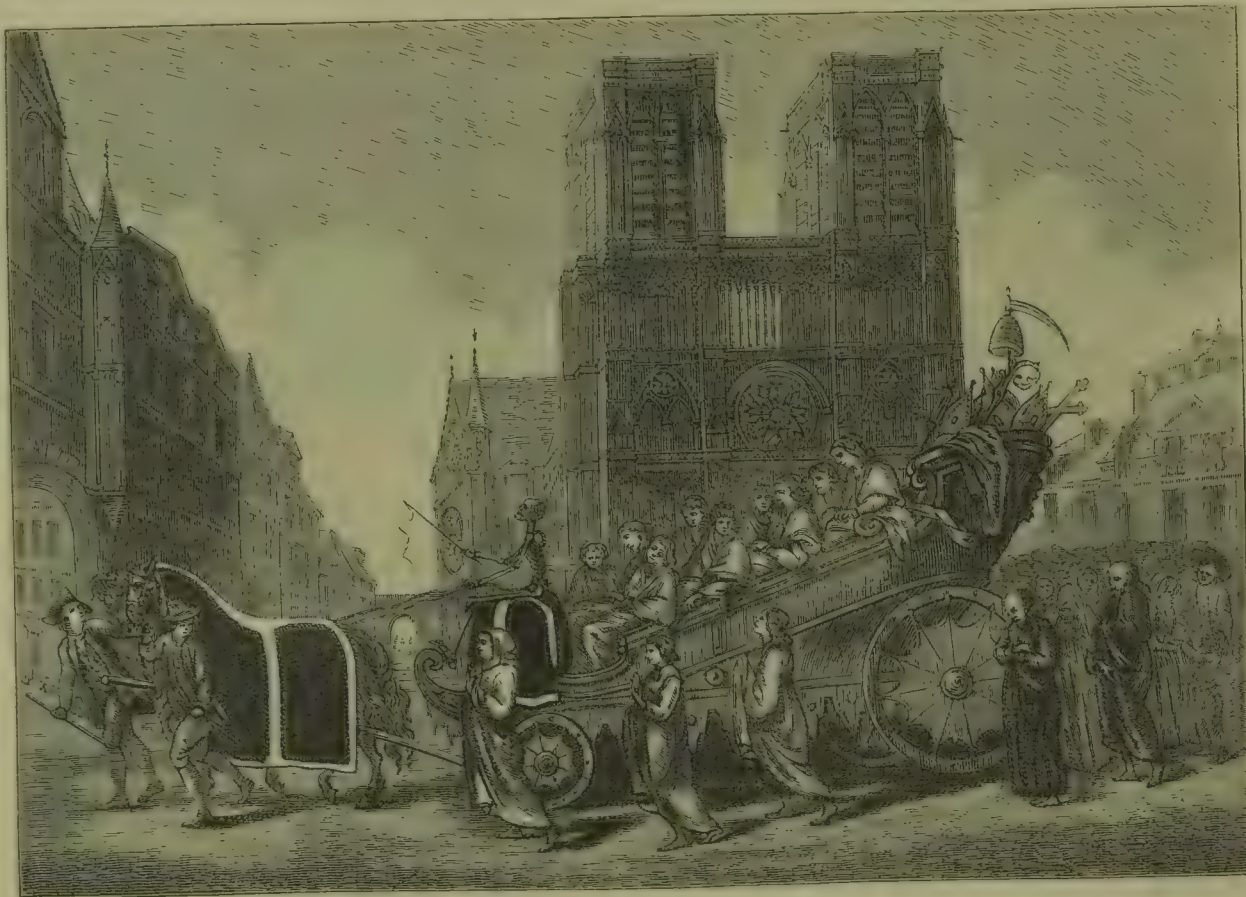
"But, after all, what can an unfortunate National Assembly do? Consider only this, that there are Twelve Hundred miscellaneous individuals; not a unit of whom but has his own thinking-apparatus, his own speaking apparatus! In every unit of them is some belief and wish, different for each, both that France should be regenerated, and also that he individually should do it. Twelve Hundred separate Forces, yoked miscellaneous to any object, miscellaneous to all sides of it; and bid pull for life! . . .

"One thing an elected Assembly of Twelve Hundred is fit for: Destroying. Which, indeed, is but a more decided exercise of its natural talent for Doing Nothing. Do nothing, only keep agitating—debating—and things will destroy themselves.

"So and not otherwise proved it with an august National Assembly. It took the name, Constituent, as if its mission and function had been to construct or build; which also, with its whole soul, it endeavoured to do: yet, in the fates, in the nature of things, there lay for it precisely of all functions the most opposite to that. . . . The Constituent Assembly's Constitution, and several others, will, being printed and not manuscript, survive to future generations as an instructive, well-nigh incredible, document of the Time: the most significant picture of the then existing France; or, at lowest, Picture of these men's Picture of it.

"But in truth and seriousness, what could the National Assembly have done? The thing to be done was, actually as they said, to regenerate France: to abolish the old France, and make a new one; quietly or forcibly, by concession or by violence, this by the Law of Nature, has become inevitable. With what degree of violence, depends on the wisdom of those that preside over it. With perfect wisdom on the part of the National Assembly, it had all been otherwise; but whether, in any wise, it could have been pacific, nay other than bloody and convulsive, may still be a question."

So Carlyle wrote of the French Revolution of a hundred years ago: what might be written now?



ECCLIASTICAL PROPERTY DECLARED AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE NATION, NOV. 3, 1789.

Enterrement de très haut, très puissant et magnifique Seigneur Clergé, décédé en l'Assemblée Nationale, le Jour des Morts, 1789.

A Caricature of the Period.

freedom in conferring with his counsel, and when he was tried it was to be before a jury.

A RETROSPECT.

More than four months before this memorable year had elapsed, and before some of its greatest works were accomplished, Madame De Staël wrote to Gustavus III. of Sweden:—"I ask myself if a thousand years have elapsed since this time twelve months ago, since this time four weeks ago, since this time fifteen days ago. . . . It is certain that France has made a prodigious leap, and the man whose life had been suspended during this short interval would certainly believe, in returning to the world, that he had been absent a very long time. He could ask: 'Where is the Bastille? What! no more *lettres-de-cachet*? Everyone free to speak or write? What, then, is become of the "good pleasure of the King"? What? The King no more at Versailles? He has no longer any Court nor pomp? He has no longer even any power? Who, then, has taken it from him? The National Assembly? What is that? A transformation of the States-General? The Three Orders, no doubt, united? What do you say? No more Orders? All equal citizens? But the Clergy: you don't mean to say its power has all disappeared, its wealth all been swallowed up? Can I possibly believe that its ministers now as the salaried servant of the public? At least it still retains the tithes? No! the tithes also abolished? The convents suppressed? Monastic vows interdicted? And the nobility in its turn reduced to nothing? Despoiled of its privileges? Despoiled of its feudal rights! And by its own renunciation? Are you not cramming me with nonsense? What did the Parliament say then? Surely this is another of your fine tales! no more Parliaments! But the Army? Are you going to tell me that too has gone out of existence? What then are all these soldiers I see pass? A National Guard? What now is that? Are you not really playing on my credulity? Must I admit that these soldiers are citizens and that the nation guards itself? What about the provinces? Did they make no resistance? Well! you end by confounding me, no more provinces! What extraordinary changes! And you say all this has occurred in seven months only! Supposing now this unknown waker asks if so many wonders, accomplished with such rapidity and thoroughness have not cost some disorders, wounds, tears, ruins? It must be confessed they have, and that they are far from ended. . . . But what in the course of time and in the

NOVELS.

Masters of the World. By Mary A. M. Hoppus (Mrs. Alfred Marks). Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The historical romance is a difficult species of fiction, in which the task of collecting and digesting antiquarian details may stifle the vitality of dramatic imagination. "Much learning hath made thee dull," might often be said to German and other authors of stories of the Roman Empire, or of the ancient Greeks, Jews, Egyptians, and Babylonians. It is not, however, the fulness and exactness of information concerning actual phases of social life in remote ages, that can injuriously encumber a tale already conceived with free play of human sympathies. If the diligent and ingenious Heidelberg Professor, who writes under the name of "Georg Taylor," fails to interest his English readers in the story of "Antinous," recently translated for them, it is because the characters are feeble, their motives obscure, and the scenes, instead of a consistent progressive main action, seem to be a shifting phantasmagoria of erudite descriptions, suffused with unwholesome mystical sentiment. As a passage of fictitious biography in the private life of that singular personage, the Emperor Hadrian, it is accurately and skillfully worked out; the archaeological taste is also gratified with minute particulars of the pretended revival of antique Egyptian religious worship under Roman patronage. But in all this, as in the affectations of the real Hadrian and in the fashionable eclecticism and dilettantism of his times, there is a flavour of pedantry which provokes our dislike; and the subordinate persons have no strong individuality to make us care what they do, or what happens to them.

The authoress of "Masters of the World" is a lady whom we shall prefer henceforth to speak of as Mrs. Alfred Marks, since her title-page gives us the choice between her maiden and her married name. She has judiciously chosen a period in the outwardly splendid and mighty, but inwardly most sad, shameful, and degraded history of Imperial Rome, which is far richer than that of Hadrian in genuine national characteristics. The reign of Domitian, ending in A.D. 96, is rendered more intimately familiar to us, by the most realistic contemporary works of Latin literature, than either the age of Cicero or that of Virgil and Horace. We have not only Tacitus, the most thoughtful of Latin historians, and Pliny, the most amiable of friendly letter-writers, two of the best Roman gentlemen of any time; there are, for readers of strong moral stomach, the terrible Satires of Juvenal, the horrible Epigrams of Martial, and the revolting anecdotal gossip of Suetonius, reading to be shunned except with an earnest moral purpose. They reveal the basest depths of social depravity to which the capital of the civilised world ever sank; for there is much reason to believe that, after the "Twelve Cæsars," a certain degree of improvement began in the opinions and practices of the ruling nation.

Conflicting ethical opinions, indeed, while they occupied the literary leisure of educated Romans who could read Greek, seldom influenced their conduct in practice. The Stoic philosopher and his disciples might be voluptuaries, cowards, and rogues equal to any of their neighbours; the Platonists were apt to be metaphysical prigs; the Epicureans found elegant excuses for a life of indolent luxury. The Christians, popularly reputed an eccentric and obscure sect of Jews, were from the notoriety of their condemnation by Nero falsely associated with a great disaster to the city, and were obliged to worship in secret. Among the Romans of the best class and the best character, an admirable type of whom is the Lucius Calpurnius Piso of this story, there were some examples of eminent virtue sustained by the hereditary sense of honour and duty, by the "pietas" and "prisca fides" of their revered Latin ancestry, and by a vague belief in a Supreme Divinity, other than the gods and goddesses of poetic fable. Moral principle, in such men, was inseparably connected with the patriotic and filial observance of customs traditional in their country and in their patrician families; they had a peculiar domestic religion, which was gradually being dissolved in the corrupting mass of sensual heathenism around them, but which still fortified, by venerable sanctions, the rules of integrity and justice. This Lucius Piso, one of the last and noblest victims of an execrable tyrant, is the hero of the tragedy; the women of his family no less command our esteem and sympathy; his wife Aemilia, one of the sweetest feminine characters in recent fiction; his mother Cornelia, a high-minded Roman matron, capable of daring any peril or enduring any sacrifice for the dignity of her race; and his daughter Calpurnia, a loving, trusting maiden, whose innocence has been carefully guarded by wise and affectionate parents.

With these elements of the purest human interest, Mrs. Alfred Marks has so filled the heart of her story, and has moulded all these parts of its composition with so fine a touch of the springs of natural emotion, that its framework of historical events, with its setting of Roman antiquities, does not obstruct the dramatic force of the tale. Yet the amount of correct knowledge of the period, which she has acquired evidently by direct study of Latin authors, would be creditable to any male classical scholar. Several of the illustrious members of Piso's family, during more than two centuries of Roman history, are tolerably famous; and the writer of a romance is quite justified in creating a new one, invested with their best ancestral qualities, and in transferring to the reign of Domitian, for the purpose of imaginative fiction, some of the circumstances that really attended the known fate of Caius Piso under the reign of Nero. The Lucius Piso, the Cornelia, Aemilia, and Calpurnia, the Aulus Atticus, a ward of Piso's and lover of Calpurnia, with her brothers Caius and Julius, and her little child-sister Tertia, of this story, are not to be found in Lempriere's Dictionary, but are free, individual creations of vivid imagination. They are natural, lifelike, engaging human figures; they are such persons as might have lived at the time supposed, and that is enough. Most of the other conspicuous persons, Domitian, his courtiers and parasites, the senators, the lawyers, the gluttons and debauchees, the spies and traitors, the political and social intriguers of that day, actually lived under the names they bear in the tale. We were not, indeed, personally acquainted with Publius Crassus, who is a typical character; but Regulus, Certus, Veiento, the unscrupulous denouncers of honest citizens, figure in Pliny's letters; other contemporary portraits are taken from the testimony of Tacitus, of Juvenal, or of Martial; and the fate of Arulenus Rusticus, Seneccio, the younger Helvidius, and Flavius Clemens, is historical fact. The anecdotes of Domitian, one of the most odious monsters in the annals of the Empire, are those hitherto received; and the descriptions of Roman manners and customs, and of localities in the city, appear tolerably correct. When the scene is laid on the shores of the Bay of Naples, at Puteoli, Baia, and Cumæ, or at Aricia and on the Alban Mount, we feel less sure that the author's fancy has not been employed in local descriptions. But the whole story has a much closer relation to fact than Lord Lytton's romance, "The Last Days of Pompeii," and its details are carefully studied.

Still, it is not merely, or chiefly, as a truthful picture of Roman society, with its enormous vices, under the last and

vilest of the Twelve Cæsars—Nero and Caligula were probably insane, but Domitian was cynically and deliberately wicked—that we commend "The Masters of the World." This tale is worthy of higher praise, as a powerful imaginative conception of manly and womanly virtues severely tried. Here is the civil courage and loyalty of a great Roman gentleman, a friend of Agricola and his soldier-comrade in Britain, who, foreseeing the effect of the tyrant's murderous jealousy, bears himself uprightly and serenely amidst besetting snares and dangers, while refusing to conspire against the head of the State. Here is the genuine tenderness of a good husband and father, anxious for the safety and comfort of his family; the providence and kindness of a good master, caring for the welfare of the household servants, undeniably slaves, and of the peasants on his large estates. Piso has the cultivated literary tastes of his age, solacing his retirement with history and biography, or with Virgil, Horace, or Lucretius; but he has no affectations, dislikes pomp, luxury, and prodigality, and rebukes by his grave silence the foul talk at rich men's feasts. He sacrifices, as of old, to the Gods of Rome and of his fathers, and cannot be persuaded by young Aulus, or by old Flavius Clemens, to adopt their belief in Christianity; but they can say of him, as was once said of a Roman Centurion, that he is "not far from the Kingdom of God." The wife and daughter of this noble citizen are worthy to belong to him; and it is well to think it was possible, even in the worst age of Imperial Rome, that domestic life of such purity and mutual fidelity could still be cherished in homes which Juvenal did not happen to visit. Much skill is used by the authoress in contriving the different series of incidents, converging at length to a close point of action, by which Piso's death and the ruin of his family are brought to pass, finally, with an unexpected suddenness, very shortly before the assassination of Domitian, an event that would else have relieved them from danger. The plot, indeed, which we need not analyse, is so conducted as to keep up the narrative interest throughout these three volumes.

The Wrong Box. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne (Longmans).—The joint authors of this volume, in a preface of six lines, admit that it is a production only excusable as a piece of "judicious levity." We cannot, however, allow that its levity is judicious; nor do we find it amusing. Mr. Stevenson is a clever and ingenious, but not a truly humorous, writer of fantastic fiction. To invent odd situations, like "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is a distinct talent from that of engaging our sympathies with an indulgent view of human weaknesses and follies. The persons of this story are too unreal, too evidently the mere puppets of an absurd plot, too uninteresting, from the meanness of their motives and the mechanical jerkiness of their actions, for any genuine effect of comedy; it is but a farcical extravaganza, and not a good specimen of that inferior kind. Something better might have been made of the leading idea, which is that of two old men's lives, those of Joseph Finsbury and his brother, remaining the last competitors for a handsome fortune provided by a "tontine," and becoming objects of competitive solicitude to the younger men respectively entitled to the inheritance of each of them. Nothing more repulsive, short of murder, could easily be imagined than that Morris Finsbury, the nephew and partner of one of those old gentlemen, believing his uncle to have been killed by a railway accident, should pack up a dead body in a barrel and smuggle it off to London, in order to keep up the opinion that his uncle is still alive. By the mischievous freak of an idle passenger in the railway van, the direction-labels on this barrel and a packing-case, which contains a marble statue, are exchanged, so that the corpse is delivered to Mr. Dent Pitman, a poor innocent artist, who asks the advice of his friend Michael Finsbury, the son of old Joseph's brother. Instead of declaring the matter to the police, this idiotic couple undertake, quite unnecessarily, a series of disgusting tricks for the purpose of getting rid of the dead body, concealing it in a piano and placing it in the chambers of Mr. Forsyth, a young barrister, who similarly attempts to dispose of it on board a deserted house-boat up the Thames. All this does not seem to us very funny, while the vulgar jocularity of Michael, on such an occasion, his silly disguises and false pretences, and his continual tipping at public-house bars, render the tale doubly offensive. The terrors of Morris, lest his abominable treatment of the lost corpse should be discovered, are not so powerfully expressed as they might have been in the work of an author gifted with high imaginative faculty. Nor is there much development of the humorous element in the position of old Joseph Finsbury, who has simply run away from his troublesome nephew, Morris, to live apart in freedom, and who presently accepts the hospitality of his other nephew, Michael. The corpse, which is that of an unknown person actually killed on the railway, at length passes into other hands, and nobody is left in danger of being accused of a murder, while all pecuniary affairs are finally adjusted. It is a disagreeable story, not worth telling in any way, and not very well told.

Jacob's Letter, and Other Stories. By Rowland Grey, Author of "In Sunny Switzerland," "Lindenblumen," &c. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.).—The young lady whose assumed literary designation, "Rowland Grey," could never prevent a discerning reader from instantly becoming agreeably aware of the best characteristics of feminine authorship, maintains in this volume of new short tales her graceful power of grouping lifelike imaginary persons, and engaging our sympathies in their mutual relations. To effect this completely within the compass of fifty or even twenty pages is a literary feat more rare than the discursive and too often incoherent protraction of an ordinary three-volume novel. In this kind of writing, the modest productions of "Rowland Grey," with one or two exceptions, which we have not spared to point out in former notices, have considerable merit. The present volume, indeed, does not contain any piece of such genuine rich humour as "The Antwerp Postman," which is to be found in the volume that was called "Lindenblumen"; but there is a vein of social comedy, and the interest of domestic romance, in these little stories, where the issues of a rising attachment seem to be staked on the behaviour of the persons in a passing combination of incidents. "King Philip," which is the pet name of a delightful little boy, Philip King Madison, is one of the most pleasing of these tales. "Jacob's Letter" is founded on the historical incident of the Crown Prince of Germany having received from the old father of a private soldier, during the French war, a letter inquiring about his son, to which the kindly Prince gave his immediate attention. "An Embassy Wedding" is another story of that great war, at the period of the siege of Paris. In "Saint Catherine's Tresses," and in "Prince Boris," the authoress shows equal acquaintance with French and German manners; and her knowledge of the habits of the visitors at Homburg, at Nice, and on the Swiss and Italian Lakes, is abundantly utilised. The tale of Mark Everett's devotion to an American girl, who prefers a triumph on the stage to the affection of a manly lover, makes a serious impression.

A JULY MEAD.

The career of good King George III. was a prosaic one personally, although great events marked its epoch, but one tint of romance colours it when we read of the young King riding past Holland House—the fields later to be a colony of palaces to the south—and looking at fair Lady Sarah Lennox as she played at haymaking in the park. And the reflection that in the hayfield and its surroundings are the idyllic associations of matter-of-fact farm-life—a suggestion of pastoral lays and Corydon and Phyllis flirting amid the fragrant piles occurs to one's mind, standing in the broad mead under a July sun and watching the rhythmical action of the scythes. Scythes wielded by stout, practised arms, for here the old-world slowness and simplicity—fresh and pleasant in their way as the old-world stocks, pansies and wallflowers which fill the village gardens intermixed with great bushes of lavender now in flower and full of perfume—reek nothing of modern substitution for manual labour. When the rich grass in the big mead that is threaded by the swift-winding stream—

With here and there a lusty trout
And here and there a grayling

for the fly-fisher who knows the depths and favourite haunts of the fish, is ready for cutting, the mowers who have a local fame for the sweep and neatness of their work are employed as to-day. And, indeed, one seems to forget the actual progress of time—the fuss and fume of modern high-pressure—of machinery, telephones, telegraphs, and high farming as one looks on this old-fashioned scene from the gate where the initials of many a Corydon and Phyllis have been cut in the years gone by. The mowers are at work—swing and sweep with that regular "swish" which shows the long swathes of luxuriant grass falling to the keen scythes. Now and again the sound of the hone sharpening the blade is heard, always a pleasant note, we think, in the rural melody of melody. Tomorrow all the available labour of the village—stalwart, elderly, feminine, and juvenile—will be in requisition. Everybody who can handle rake or hay-fork will be welcome to turn and toss, under the farmer's cheery over-looking and encouragement, the plentiful crop in the merry sunshine till "every blade is dry as a bone and sweet as a rose," and long rows of haycocks attest, if only the rain keeps away, the goodly prospect for the ricks.

Here, in this far-off corner something of the old merriment remains, some trace of the gambols amid the hay, the refreshment which seems superlatively delicious amid the sweet-scented breezes and the labour which is pleasure. When the haymakers take in hand to-morrow the mowers' work of to-day there will be something of the lighter aspect which in slower more leisurely days relieved the farm-life. One leans on the gate and drinks in with lazy contentment the simple pleasures of the scene. It is a respite from the continual whirling of the social machine, never so incessant as now. The air is full of fragrance, the woods around are full of midsummer beauty in the hush of noon. Across the stream lies a corn-field which runs up to the meadow's further edge. And here the wheat is yellowing, so that as the wind now and again sweeps across it the lights and shadows of that exquisitely bowing sea of grain are something that live in memory for ever—most keenly of all when remembered in the dark days of murky city life. As the scythes sweep steadily on, how the aspect of the meadow alters! The eyes follow the space almost pityingly, the rich green swathes of grass lie dappled and flecked with the flowers lately adorning them and now low-lying. Perchance now and again the scythe cuts across a partridge's nest, where the poor bird sits close on her late eggs—an episode always lamented. Nor are other sights absent. A leveret darts from the unmown grass and seeks safety in the copse; or a landrail, with snake-like head held low, runs swiftly to the farthest corner before the mower's approach, reluctant to use her wings save as an absolute necessity. Young rabbits are occasionally found, and nests—for the most part happily empty—where the lark has reared her young. From the wood at intervals comes the chatter of the magpie, or the soft coo of the wood pigeon, amid the world of green boughs, whose myriad leaves only rustle in the warm air. Midway in the shallow of the stream, where trees on either side shade it, stand some red and white cows whisking their tails lazily and chewing the cud, not only actually, but, perchance, metaphorically, as they eye the rich pasturage whose aspect they must appreciate being swept away.

Not much bird-music is heard at this noontide hour. But the hedge, which the gate where we are standing divides, is fragrant with trailing mazes of honeysuckle and convolvulus, and ever and anon a merry blackbird darts from its depth into the elms behind and there whistles his blithest, while the hum of the bees is heard on every side—perhaps the sound which best consorts with the hush of a July noon. But listening from our "coign of vantage" we hear a sound, not musical, it is true, but one which thrills every shooter's nerves—a splash, a flap, a quack—and looking down the stream, whereon the sunlight is so brilliant as to dazzle the sight, we see a cluster of birds half-flying, half-scurrying across the river in the thicker reed bed on the other side. It is a wild duck and her brood disturbed from her hiding-place in the thick grass by the willow, which a mower is approaching. And immediately our thoughts are less of the pastoral poets than of flapper-shooting next month, when the young ducks, in the windings and inlets of the river banks, will be made the targets of more or less skilful shots.

Another bird, too, not much known, we must introduce to the reader. Glance along the lower and largest bough of the old oak which stands at the angle of the meadow and the copse which runs outside it. Close to the tree-trunk a dark form is seen, motionless, stretched out, as it were, along the bough. In most unbirdlike way it lies, but it is a bird, and when twilight sets in, will, with shadowy, owl-like, noiseless flight, hawk from tree to tree, or round the wayfarer's head, in search of beetles, whose "drony flight" is then frequent, or other insects. This curious brown mottled bird is the nightjar, so called from the jarring, vibrating noise it makes when perched on bough, gate, or roof; and during the day it thus remains motionless, crouched, not perched, on some bough, from which the unpractised eye finds it very difficult to distinguish it. Ignorance slanders the poor bird by accusing it of sucking the cows—a slander ages old, originating with the Sicilian goatherds, of whom Theocritus sings—but it is in all respects innocent. It is, or lately was, very plentiful in Epping Forest.

But this is an ornithological digression. Glance we for one moment more at the meadow. A scene is depicted such as the "domestic" limners of our grandfathers' time loved to paint. The mowers have paused for refreshment, for—

Beneath the shade, a timely rest
And healthy meal renew for work the zest.

Bread, bacon, and cheese, accompanied by cider—for our notions are old-fashioned, or prejudiced if you please—are rapidly consumed. What would not a dyspeptic millionaire give for such an appetite, could he exercise it under the shade of the oaks amid the breezes that sweep as if they loved it over our July mead!

F. G. W.

BIBBS AND BABBS.

BY ONE WHO KNEW THEM.

Some twenty miles or so beyond the smoke and din of London, a round church-tower built of rain-worn whitish freestone rises like a lighthouse amidst the rolling green billows of a Surrey landscape. The church stands upon a steep hill-side, and a village of some thirty whitewashed cottages is perched above; its one straggling High Street plunging almost perpendicularly downwards, to be snapped off short in the jaws of the churchyard that lies in ambush below.

On the highest crest of the hill stands a two-storied farmhouse, an antique building, rambling in shape and rich in gables. Old red tiles cover its bulged and sunken roof-ridges, and clothe its walls with a rain-defying coat of mail. From the windows of the best front bedroom—a bower of spotless dimity, delicately scented with lavender—the glance takes in the irregular perspective of the village street. At the back of the house the hill breaks away suddenly, carrying the garden down with it, and converting the orchard into a bird-haunted gulf of May blossoms and green leaves.

It is a solitary spot, and I have never seen it except in spring-time or early summer, when its very loneliness adds to its charm. What its desolateness must be in the time of falling leaves, of ravening rains, and winter snow-blows, I prefer only to imagine. Four springs have passed since I first lighted upon this oasis of fair quiet, and sweet rest. Under the dimity curtains of its best chamber I wooed and won back the sleep which had coyly deserted me. In its narrow front parlour—upholstered in faded chintz, and pervaded by a colony of ear-wigs of the sociable, non-pinching kind—I awoke to the consciousness of Appetite restored.

I was not the only lodger beneath those hospitable red tiles. A handsome, careless-looking young artist occupied a moreen bower on the opposite side of the squeeze hall. He ate even more than I did, I have reason to believe, and required a great deal of waiting on. The attentions at first lavished upon me by the daughter of the house—a tow-haired Hebe with honest red cheeks and lips, and round eyes of China blue—were long transferred to, and appropriated by, this overweening person. Not that my physical state was the less gracious on that account. Her mother ministered to my necessities with vigour and effect. But a rustic picturesqueness—an Arcadian grace which had attended the setting-forth of my humble country banquets had vanished, methought. Though now and then I caught a fleeting glimpse of it. Once, in the ruddy kitchen hearth-glow, when two heads—one dark, the other tow-coloured—bent over an antiquated album. Twice, when the western sky was stained with daffodil-colour, and a pale, curled moon floated up over the swinging tops of the orchard-trees under which the old, old Paradise-drama was being played out to its ending. Thrice, when the landscape-painter went away, and twilight fell upon a little figure left lonely by the garden gate where he had said "Good-bye!" My own brief holiday terminated shortly afterwards. I left the place, and returned to it four years later.

I strolled down the one steep street of the village, and as a natural consequence found myself in the churchyard. Several new graves I noticed, and, in an absent sort of way, wondered if their occupants had been known to me in days departed. A russet-breasted robin, perched on a stunted hawthorn, twittered a note or two; the west wind scattered a cloud of pearly-tinted almond-scented petals over a long green mound in the shadow of the tree—a nameless grave, without either board or headstone. Two solemn infants sat upon it, hand in hand and side by side. They were not handsome, they were far from being

interesting: and yet they attracted my attention. Twins were they, twins wonderfully, fearfully, exactly alike. Plethoric babes, and flabby; with heads of tow-coloured hair, and wide, expressionless eyes of china-blue. In cloudy calico were they attired; and if the battered straw hat of one was devoid of rim, the other's had no crown to boast of. They might have divided seven years between them. With crushing dignity they repelled the well-meant advances of the stranger; nor might the exhibition of certain copper profiles of their gracious Sovereign, or the crafty mention of gingerbread, elicit from them more than a stray bubble or two. Presently they rose, still handfasted, and toddled out of the churchyard. A moment later saw them painfully climbing the steep paved street, with the last rays of the sun gilding their little tow heads, and their stout little bodies curiously foreshortened. Judge of my surprise some moments later upon finding Bibbs and Babbs—I never knew them by any other titles than these, which they had, with large originality and a latent sense of fitness, selected for themselves—upon finding Bibbs and Babbs joint inmates with myself of the red-tiled farmhouse in which I had elected to spend a second holiday.

Bibbs was the elder by five minutes, and wore a buckle, a steel buckle, in front of the place where his waist should have been; not so much to indicate advantages in point of age and sex, nefariously obtained over Babbs, who happened to be a girl, as to preclude the possibility of Retributive Justice going the wrong way. He seemed to get a good deal of it, did Bibbs, and I learned in time to recognise him, from a rearward point of view, by the ruddy blush which rose above the upper edge of his pinafore and extended as far as his downy nape—outward and visible sign of a recently administered spanking. Babbs was Bibbs over again, minus the buckle. To crown all, there was a certain amount of mystery attendant on their origin. If they had been charming children, it would have added Romance to their other charms. They were not, and the fact was simply irritating. They were always hand in hand. Nobody had ever seen them apart since they could stand alone. Their old cradle had grown too small for them, but a little garret in a gable held a pallet that suited Bibbs and Babbs to a nicety. It was a shabby little garret. Faded water-colour sketches dangled from the rusty pins that held them to the wall. There was a shell workbook, and a mug with "Susan" on it, a sampler, and one or two other dusty little girlish trifles. The room had been occupied by the daughter of the house, dead and buried now over three years. Poor tow ringlets! Poor red cheeks! red no longer! Poor China-blue eyes, blind now with churchyard mould! It was upon her grave that I had first seen Bibbs and Babbs sitting together, engaged in inarticulate converse upon the merits of the day. Perhaps some mild maternal influence hovered round that solitary grave, exhaled from the lush grasses that covered it, and breathed in sweetness from the blossoming hawthorn branches that drooped above?

I am not a proud person, as a rule; but when I remember that I alone managed to penetrate the strong crust of reserve which enamelled those stolid twin-natures—that I was the recipient of a certain degree of attention, a certain amount of confidence, from Bibbs and Babbs—it is difficult to resist the impulse of complacency. I have seen the expressionless orbs of Babbs irradiated with quite a gleeful twinkle when offerings saccharine and adhesive, have been laid by the hand of respectful friendship upon the Bibbsian altar. I have heard Bibbs chuckle—it was when Babbs became the mother of a red-cheeked infant of the Dutch order of architecture, once the sole tenant of a glass jar in a general dealer's window. My strolls in the weedy garden, under the moss-grown trees

in the neglected orchard, ceased to be solitary, for Babbs and Bibbs, hand in hand, followed on my footsteps. Excursions to and from the Post-Office in the High Street were invested with a certain degree of pomp from the attendance of Bibbs and Babbs, and their ally, a broken-haired fox-terrier, of mangy personality and inveterate bark. But I wander.

June, that year, began with stormy weeping, and settled down to a steady downpour of warm rain. The blossoms of the orchard drifted down into pools of stagnant water—a yellow blight marred the trees and spotted the green sheaths of the young wheat. The churchyard on the hill-side filled with something besides dank fog. The very old, the very young, were those that succumbed. By-and-by the pestilent malaria crept as high as the house on the hill-ridge. Common-place, unhandsome Bibbs fell sick in a matter-of-fact, uninteresting way. Until I saw Babbs sitting solitary upon the kitchen doorstep, looking out upon the drowned garden, with her basin of untasted bread and milk idly propped between her fat little knees, it never occurred to me that the twins were capable of existence under separate conditions. But Bibbs, lying stolidly on his hard little bolster in the gable-garret, with one doughy fist clenched under his puffy cheek, could have enlightened me. Bibbs, with the violet veins beginning to stand out oddly on his damp temples—with strange shadows beginning to gather about his solemn, staring eyes. Bibbs, very patient, very observant at first, going off into clouded realms of uncertainty at last—realms where Babbs reigned not.

"Too late!" said the Doctor, as he unfurled his dripping umbrella, and climbed back into his gig. "If he rallies towards evening, give him the prescription; but it won't do any good."

Towards the evening Bibbs did rally, and mentioned Babbs, but distantly, and as one owning no direct copyright in that small person. Babbs being produced, and hoisted to his pillow to kiss him "Good night," he chuckled once, but feebly, and tucking his pudgy hand again beneath his cheek, contentedly resigned his tenure of things mortal. Babbs was carried in once more to visit him as he lay in his little deal coffin, with pale, wet roses of June, and white sweet peas, rain-washed out of all sweetness, strewn about him. But with the placid little waxen mask on the pillow Babbs owned no affinity. She turned away her head and beat her childish hand upon her bearer's shoulders to the measure of some remembered cradle tune, and seemed half frightened, half indifferent.

So Bibbs was buried beside the nameless grave under the hawthorn tree, and Babbs resumed life under solitary conditions. Strange! that Babbs did not appear to know that they were solitary. For she went her way, after the old fashion, still hand in hand with an imaginary Bibbs. Yes, the fingers of that pudgy right hand were always firmly clasped, as though they held another as pudgy. I have heard her, seated on the old green mound beside which a tiny new one had risen, babbling to Bibbs in the old, old way, about the affairs of the Nation; and have known her impartially, as of old, extend her stick of sweetstuff for invisible lips to suck at. And, still accompanied by that unseen twin-presence, I have watched her climbing the steep ascent at sundown, stepping up a shining ladder of slanting golden rays, she and her Bibbs together.

Well! she and her Bibbs are together now, thanks to the bitter blasts of last January! It was a very unostentatious ending on Babbs' part. I think it was at the close of her second day of confinement to the garret in the gable that she turned her small face faithfully to Bibbs' vacant pillow, and ceased to breathe.

C. G.

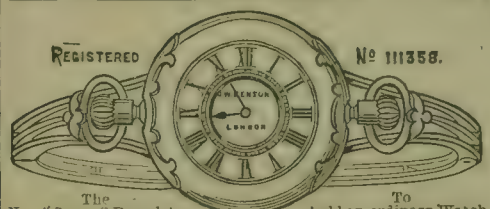
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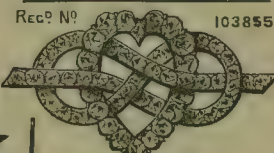
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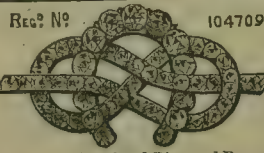
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NOBILITY OF LIFE

Cease, every joy to glimmer on my mind; | But leave, oh! leave the light of hope behind.

PLATO'S MEDITATION ON IMMORTALITY.

(Born 429 — Died 347, B.C.)

It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Addison.

THE VALUE OF TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Out of eternity
This new day is born,
Into eternity
At night doth return.
Behold it aforetime
No eyes ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

T. Carlyle.



PLATO MEDITATING BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY.

(The Portrait of Plato is copied from an exquisite gem of high antiquity in the British Museum.)

THE MAN AND GENTLEMAN!

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an Honest Heart.
Who misses or who wins The Prize—
Go lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a Gentleman.

Thackeray.

What every Travelling Trunk and Household
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IT IS THE BEST PREVENTIVE OF AND CURE
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First Day's Sale was held on July 11.

Second Day's Sale will take place Wednesday, July 17. Fourth Day's Sale will take place Thursday, July 25.

Third " " Tuesday, " 23. Fifth " " Friday, " 26.

The extensive and valuable Stock will be on view three days prior to each Sale; and Catalogues may be obtained at 186, Piccadilly; 41, Albemarle-street; and of the Auctioneers, Messrs. BEAL, SON, & CHARTRES, 20, Regent-street, S.W.

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CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 3, 1884), with two codicils (dated Dec. 30, 1884, and April 24, 1886), of the Most Hon. John Henry Wellington Graham, Marquis of Ely, late of Kearsney Abbey, near Dover; Loftus Hall, Wexford, and Ely Lodge, Fermanagh, Ireland, who died, at Nice, on April 3, was proved on July 3 by Charles Robert Worsley Tottenham and Christopher Lethbridge, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £52,000. The testator gives £2000 to his wife; £1000 to his mother, Jane, Dowager Marchioness of Ely; £1000 to his sister, Lady Marion Bourne; £2000 to his cousin, Adam Robert Charles Loftus, if he does not succeed to the title; £1000 to his uncle, Lord Augustus Loftus; £5000, upon trust, for his aunt Lady Catherine Henrietta Mary Loftus; £2500 to Christopher Lethbridge; £1000 to Ralph Alexander Maude; £1000 to Miss Zelia Hare; £2000 to his aunt Lady Anna Maria Loftus; £5000 to his brother-in-law, George John Caithness; £500 to Charles Robert Worsley Tottenham; £200 each to the Seamen's Hospital at Greenwich and the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton; £100 each to St. George's Hospital and the National Life-Boat Institution; and legacies to servants. He charges his estates in Wexford and Fermanagh with the payment of annuities of £700 to Maurice Ceely Maude, £600 to Godfrey Lovelace Taylor, £400 to Christopher Lethbridge, and to certain of his servants. The furniture, plate, &c., at Loftus Hall and Ely Lodge are to go and be held as heirlooms. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated June 20, 1881), with four codicils (dated June 30, 1883; May 5, Nov. 23 and 30, 1887), of Edward, Marquis of Donegall (formerly the Hon. and Rev. Edward Chichester, Dean of Raphoe), late of No. 100, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, and No. 64, Warrior-square, St. Leonards, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on July 3 by the Dowager Marchioness of Donegall, the widow; Lord Adolphus John Spencer Churchill Chichester, the son; Lady Dorcas Juliana Fanny Chichester, the daughter; and Henry Harris, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4997. The provisions of the testator's will are in favour of his wife and his children, Lord Adolphus Chichester and Lady Dorcas Chichester.

The will of the Right Hon. Anna Maria Elizabeth, Baroness Brabourne, late of Smith Paddocks, Ashford, Kent, who died on May 26, was proved on June 26, by Lord Brabourne, the husband and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £594.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1887) of the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Augusta Leopoldina Granville, late of Alnmouth, Northumberland, widow, who died on May 2, was proved on June 24 by Major Bevil Granville and the Rev. Roger Granville, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £43,000. The testatrix gives £3000 to her cousin, Amelia Murray Macgregor; £8000 and a part of her silver to her nephew, the Rev. Gray Granville; £6666 odd between her great-nieces, Ladies Dorothea, Helen, and Evelyn Stewart Murray, the daughters of the Duke of Athol; £3000 to the Rev. Roger Granville; £3000 to Mrs. Grace Bennett; £1000 to her maid, Elizabeth Welsh, if in her employ at the time of her death; and legacies to servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to Miss Amelia Murray Macgregor and the Rev. Roger Granville.

The will (dated March 29, 1889), with two codicils (dated April 8 and 21, 1889), of Mr. Robert Brown Watson, late of No. 18, Queen's-gate-gardens, Kensington; No. 35, Lime-street, E.C., and of Liverpool, who died on May 29, was proved on June 27 by William Brown Watson and Nicol Brown Watson, the brothers, John Ebenezer Watson and Walter William Wynne, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testator bequeaths £250 and an annuity of £720 to his wife, for her life or widowhood; £12,000, upon trust, for each of his younger daughters; £5000, upon trust, for his son Francis Arthur; an annuity of £26 to his brother William, during the life of their brother Alexander; an annuity of £50 to his sister Mary; £1000 to his brother Nicol; and makes provision for his son Edward Alexander; and other legacies. On the death or remarriage of his wife, he gives £7000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Harrison, to be held upon the

same trusts as a sum of £10,000 already held by them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sons, Alfred William, Herbert Nicol, and Frederick James.

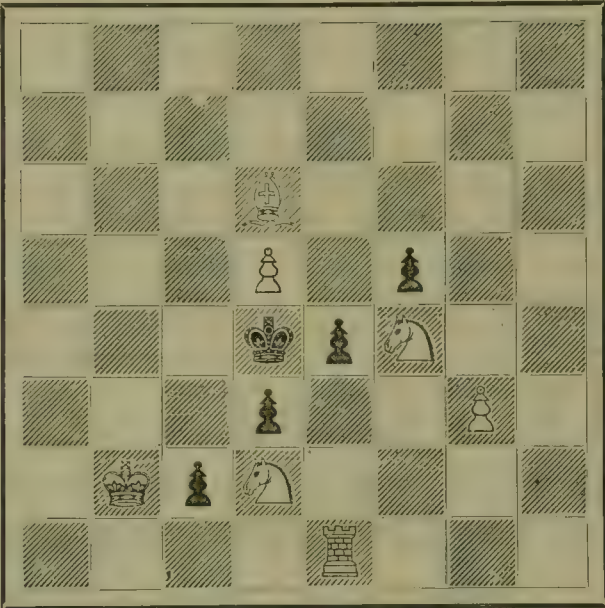
The will (dated Jan. 4, 1889), with a codicil (dated Jan. 30, 1889), of Mrs. Catherine Swift, late of Lowcliffe Chale, Isle of Wight, and No. 7, Essex Villas, Kensington, who died on April 8, was proved on June 24 by Edmund Swift and Alfred John Blunt, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths £700 to the National Life-Boat Institution for the purpose of providing a life-boat, to be called the "Catherine Swift," and to be stationed at Hatherfield Chale, Isle of Wight; £4000 between Mary Stanton, Sarah Stanton, and Elizabeth Stanton; £5000 to Edmund Swift; £2000 to the Rev. Michael Kelly, D.D.; an annuity of £100 to her brother, Charles O'Brien; £500 to Alfred John Blunt; and other legacies and annuities. The residue of her property she leaves to the Rev. Francis Charles New, Herman Lescher, and George Lynch, jun., as joint tenants.

CHESS.

DELTA.—Many thanks for the game, which shall have due honours. We fully understand the looking back. We too have to do something that way.
FR. FERNANDO.—You have got on the right track this time.
W. H. G. (Shelborne).—We are afraid your judgment is sounder than your problem. As it stands, the King is in check to a P at K 4th, and yet White has to move. In your own solution, P becomes a Q is just as effective as becoming a Kt.
J. A. RUSSELL (Baltimore).—We are much indebted for your kindness in sending the further information and the games.
A. NEWMAN.—The idea is good, but too simply expressed. It should be incorporated in a four-move problem.
A. C. C. (Chelsea).—We have always expressed our preference for Staunton's "Praxis," but any code ought to be sufficient for your purpose.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2358 received from Joseph T. Pullen, E. G. Boys, and C. E. Perugini; of No. 2359 from Mrs. Wilson, J. J. B. (Hallingbury), C. E. Perugini, E. G. Boys, Joseph T. Pullen, Fitzwalter (Exeter), G. H. Barnes (Bedford), J. B. Churchman, H. M. Lucas (Oxford), and Isonomy.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2360 received from T. Roberts, G. J. Veale, Bernard Reynolds, Mrs. Wilson, Julia Short (Exeter), Mrs. Kelly, Lifton, Jupiter Junior, E. Casella (Paris), Dawn, A. Newman, J. J. B. (Hallingbury), R. Worters (Canterbury), H. S. B. (Shooter's-bill), R. H. Brooks, Howard A. Dr. F. St. D. McCoy (Galway), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), E. Loudon, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Ruby Root, Fr. Fernando, L. Desanges, C. E. Perugini, S. Mahony (Birkenhead), Swayre, J. Shephard, Rev. Winfield Cooper, A. W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), W. R. Ratten, T. G. (Ware), Fred Mackie, W. H. Reed (Liverpool), Charles Wormald, J. T. W. Thomas Chown, Alpha, Brutus, Hereward, J. Coad, J. Dixon, Martin P. Soherides, B. B. (New Brighton), W. Wright, Martha S. T. Perkins, and R. F. N. Banks.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2358.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.
WHITE.
1. Kt to Kt 8th
2. B to B 8th
3. B to Kt 7th. Mate.
If Black play 1. K to K 5th, then 2. Kt to B 6th (ch); and if 1. P to K 5th, then 2. Q takes P (ch), &c.
BLACK.
K to B 3rd
K to Q 4th

PROBLEM No. 2362.
By W. M. PRIDEAUX.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in four moves.

MUSIC.

The production of Verdi's "Otello," at the Lyceum Theatre—of which a notice is given on another page—has been the absorbing operatic event of late.

The leading features of the performance on the occasion of the State visit to the Royal Italian Opera on July 2 have already been given. Since that date several operas have been repeated under conditions similar to those of recent representations at the Covent-garden operatic establishment.

Of Her Majesty's Theatre there have been no proceedings to report since our last record.

The ninth and last Richter Concert of the series, announced for July 8, was devoted to a performance of Berlioz's "Faust" music, which has become so familiar in this country, through repeated hearings, that a bare announcement of the fact may now suffice. At the previous concert, Dr. Parry's new symphony (No. 4), and an unfinished pianoforte concerto by Beethoven, were performed. The symphony is a masterly work in each of its four divisions, interesting in its subject-matter, and skilful in development and treatment. The first Allegro, the slow movement, and the "Scherzo" were, perhaps, the most effective in performance. The symphony will be a welcome addition to many of our concert programmes. The one movement of the concerto, said to be by Beethoven, would seem to belong to his early period, when strongly under the influence of Mozart's style. The work was excellently rendered by Madame Stepanoff. Miss Fillunger was the vocalist in a scene from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung."

Mr. Sims Reeves's concert, on July 6, included his own performances in two of his favourite songs, and, with Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. B. Davies, in a trio by Curschmann. Other eminent artists contributed to a varied programme, which included recitations by Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. Toole. The good part-singing of the Lotus Glee Club was a feature of the day, as was the skilful pianoforte-playing of Mdlle. Hélène de Duncan, a young Russian lady, who made her first appearance here.

A concert was given by the students of the Hyde Park Academy of Music on July 4, when the excellent singing of the lady-choristers (conducted by Mr. H. F. Frost) was a special feature of the programme.

The concert announced by the sisters A. and E. Ferrari did not take place, owing to the death of their mother, the Countess Ferrari d'Occhieppo.

The Gallery of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, with bright pictures on the walls, gave additional charm to Signorina Vittoria Del Bono's matinee musicale recently given under distinguished patronage. The singing of Miss Teresa Blamy, Miss Helen D'Alton, and Mr. Percy Pinkerton, and the violin-playing of Signorina Del Bono, were among the chief items of an interesting programme.

Recent miscellaneous concert announcements have included Miss Florence Ashe's pianoforte recital—the programme of which indicated sound musical taste, and an acquaintance with various styles and schools, past and present—a concert by Mdlle. Wonsowska, and M. de Pachmann's third Chopin recital, a concert by Herr Zoltan Dome (a Hungarian baritone), Mr. I. de Lara's annual concert (postponed from an earlier date), a concert by Madame Liebhart (remembered as a popular vocalist), one by Miss E. Cervantes (a Spanish harpist), Mr. Gerald Lane's morning concert, that promised for July 13 by Madame Backer-Grondahl (the pianist who created so great an impression by her performance at a recent Philharmonic Concert), Mrs. Dyke's morning concert, and a recital by Señor Albinez, the accomplished Spanish pianist.

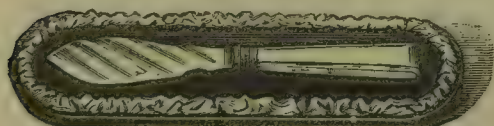
Sir James Crichton-Browne has been elected treasurer of the Royal Institution of Great-Britain, in the room of the late Mr. Henry Pollock.

In support of their schools the licensed victuallers always show a most exemplary liberality. The eighty-third annual festival of the well-managed institution in Upper Kennington-lane was held on July 2 at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Thomas J. Mann, of the firm of Messrs. Mann, Crossman, and Paulin, presided. Subscriptions and donations were announced amounting to £7250, including 100 guineas from the chairman.

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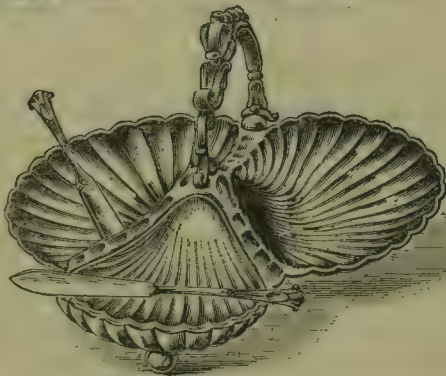
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Sterling Silver, 14s.; Electro-Silver, 8s.



Solid Silver "Toby"
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Richly Fluted Biscuit, Butter, and Cheese Stand.
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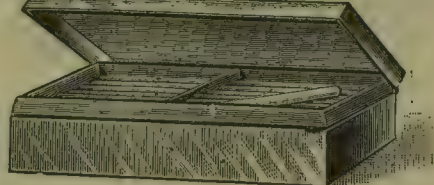


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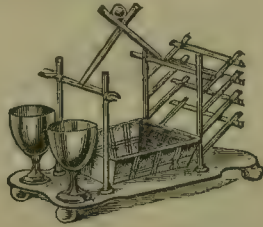


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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Never was there a more brilliant sight than was presented at the State visit to the opera. The house was crammed with the cream of London society, making such a show of fine gowns and superb diamonds as can hardly be imagined. I have seen many fine sights, but never anything to compare with that presented when the whole company stood in stalls and boxes while the national anthem and the Persian national air were played. White was worn by so many women that it might have been a uniform, but a few dresses in more vivid hues broke the monotony; while the men were nearly all in brilliant-coloured uniforms, or in levée dress with its sheen of velvet and sparkling buttons. Every chair had a large white satin programme pinned against its scarlet back, and on the fronts of all the boxes, to the very top of the house, were laid beautiful bouquets tied up with wide streamers of pale-blue, yellow, or pink ribbon. Behind these the brilliant light of the great chandelier glittered on satin and silk, threw up the colours of scarlet or blue and gold-laced uniforms, and flashed back in a million sparkles from as many superb diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds decking stately heads, white bosoms, and rounded arms.

Such a show of diamonds! The Princess of Wales positively blazed with her magnificent tiara, completely encircling the head, and made in a series of peaks, the tallest at the exact front being several inches high—a broad collar of large diamonds fitting close round the throat—and beneath that the drooping chains and pendants of a rivière of brilliants coming down to meet the diamond brooches set all round the berthe of the low-cut Court bodice. Gorgeous, too, was the Princess's gown: the bodice and train of a grand flame-red silk, heavily

brocaded with gold, the tablier covered with red silk gauze, held in place by two bands of gold, set with rubies, passing diagonally across the front. The Princess sat in the centre chair of State, with the Shah on her left hand. Next his Persian Majesty, on his other hand, sat Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), in white moiré, with plenty of diamonds. Then the Prince of Wales, in scarlet uniform, with the gold trappings of a Field Marshal. Princess Beatrice, in black brocade and net and diamonds, made a pleasant foil for the brighter glitter of her Royal sisters; and the Princess of Wales's daughters were in the unobtrusive simplicity of short white tulle frocks, with sashes of moiré ribbon, blue for Princess Louise, yellow for the two younger Princesses. The front row of the box was completed by Prince Edward of Wales in blue military uniform, and Prince George in naval dress, with the Shah's talisman against evil and constant companion—a small, weary-looking but very self-important boy of about eleven, dressed like a miniature Shah, only having silver instead of gold embroidery on his coat. It may easily be imagined how brilliant was the display made by this State box alone, with that row of seated Royalties, and behind them the splendid uniforms of the great officers of the household, the Duke of Portland in white, Lord Lathom in blue and gold, and so on, with a few private gentlemen, such as the Earl of Fife, a pleasant-looking, youngish fair man, and Sir Henry Rawlinson, ready to act as interpreter.

So superb were all the dresses and the jewels that it is hard to choose which to describe. One black gown was decorated with a diamond snake of extraordinary brilliance and more than a foot long. Its large flat head rested on one side of the berthe, almost against the wearer's shoulder; its twisting, writhing form passed across to nearly underneath the left arm. Another white dress had the old

lace tablier sown with three rows of diamonds from waist to hem. Lady Rosebery made a wonderful display of gems. On her head was a large ornament like a rose, starting from which, and passing round the hair, was a chain of diamonds that had depending from it festoons and rosebuds all in the same flashing stones; while the white ribbed silk dress bodice was ornamented all round the berthe with sapphires of unusual size set with diamonds in brooches. The Marchioness of Londonderry looked a vision of beauty in her white silk and mousseline de chiffon gown and an unlimited quantity of brilliants on bodice and skirt. Her tiara was composed of a diamond band, above which came a series of detached round ornaments, with elevated centres set to tremble at every movement of the graceful head. Three generations ago, "Frances Anne the Magnificent," Marchioness of Londonderry, was sent with her husband to represent the King of England at a Russian coronation, on the ground, as the Premier avowed, that Lady Londonderry was the only available British Peeress whose jewels could compete with the Court gems of Russia. One understands this tale after seeing the Londonderry jewels on the present Marchioness. The Duchess of Portland, in a rich white silk with pearls and diamonds in her tiara and rivière, was much admired; and the Duchess of Manchester achieved originality by wearing no ornaments on her head, though her white gown had a stomacher of diamonds.

It was noticeable, both at the opera and in the dresses shown by the leading dressmakers as prepared for the State ball, that the Empire style is yet in the background, and the long-enduring pointed bodice, with flat berthe trimmings and stomacher, still retains popularity. The fashion of embroidering or laying on trimming round the edge of the tablier, however, gains ground equally in walking and evening attire.

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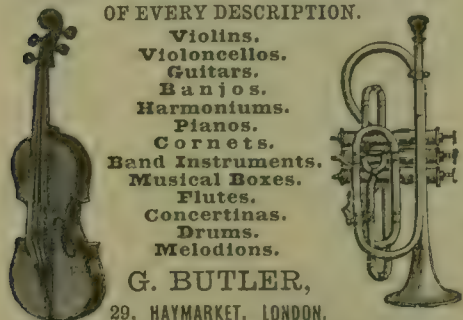
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VERDI'S "OTELLO."

As previously announced by us, the termination of Mr. Henry Irving's dramatic season at the Lyceum Theatre was followed by the reopening of the theatre under the management of Mr. M. L. Mayer, for the production of Verdi's latest opera, "Otello." This work was first brought out at La Scala, Milan, in February, 1887. The Italian book (founded, of course, on Shakspeare's tragedy) is from the pen of Arrigo Boito, who has rendered himself famous by his opera "Mefistofele," of which he is both the poet and the composer. Shakspeare's tragedy has before been made the basis of an opera-book—by Rossini, whose work possesses but little vitality, and was chiefly successful, in its day, when the principal characters were filled by exceptionally great stage vocalists: notably by Madame Pasta and Madame Malibran as the heroine, and M. Duprez and Signor Tamberlik as the Moor. In his libretto of Verdi's "Otello," Signor Boito has preserved more of the Shakspearian spirit, and has made fewer innovations than in the case with the earlier instance just alluded to. The first act of the Shakspearian play is omitted from the opera-book, which opens with the coming of Othello to Cyprus.

Signor Verdi's score consists of four acts, the first being introduced by a few orchestral passages—suggestive of a tempest—leading to some choral phrases welcoming the arrival of Othello, who lands during a storm. In the first act we may particularly notice a spirited "Brindisi" for Iago, Cassio, Roderigo, and chorus, and a fine concluding love-duet for Desdemona and Othello, in which is the motive, afterwards heard, "Un baccio, ancora un baccio." The second act (taking place in a hall on the ground-floor of the castle) opens with some declamatory music associated with the interview between Iago and Cassio—in which

the former suggests the latter's appeal to Desdemona for his favour with Othello—and the following malevolent soliloquy of Iago, in which he broods over his diabolical plot, and utters his insidious suggestions to Othello. In charming contrast to this sombre music is that which is heard in the garden from groups of children, women, and sailors, bringing floral offerings to Desdemona. A highly dramatic quartet follows, for Desdemona, Emilia, Othello, and Iago, including the pleading of Desdemona for Cassio, and the incident of the handkerchief, followed by a dialogue between Iago and Othello, in which the former works up the latter to a jealous frenzy, this being the culmination of the act. Act 3 opens in the grand hall of the castle; and after some preliminary music for Othello, Iago, and the Herald, announcing the arrival of Ambassadors to Cyprus, we have a very impassioned scene, in which Othello demands the handkerchief from his wife, and has his jealousy still further aroused by her inability to produce it. This duet contains some fine contrasts of sentiment and passion. A soliloquy for Othello, some impassioned music for him, for Cassio, and Iago, lead to a finale, including the arrival of the Ambassadors, and the open insults heaped on Desdemona by her husband. Here are some highly dramatic contrasts, an effective climax being reached by the fall of Othello, prostrated by emotion, and the vindictive triumph of Iago, contrasted with the outside choral acclamations. The fourth act, in Desdemona's chamber, is comparatively short, but comprises some deeply pathetic music (expressive although simple), including her "Willow-song" and her "Ave Maria," each being set off by the impassioned utterances of the faithful Emilia, and the remorse of the undecieved Moor, who expires with a repetition of the "kiss-motivo," "Un baccio ancora."

As regards the music generally, it may be said that it

betrays no falling off in its composer's powers, and gives no indication of the ripe age (nearly seventy-four) which Verdi had attained when it was produced. Passionate declamation naturally enters largely into the musical treatment of so tragic a subject, but this feature is not obscured by an imitation of the vague and exaggerated style of Wagner's later works; while in that of Verdi there is much of graceful melody and tender sentiment in the music assigned to Desdemona. The choral writing is highly effective, and the orchestral score is full of picturesque details.

We have specified only some of the many salient points presented by the latest opera of one of the most remarkable composers of modern times—a work which can scarcely fail to prove largely attractive to all who take an interest in the music of the day. In its rendering at the Lyceum Theatre special interest, of course, attached to the co-operation of two of the principal artists who were associated with its original performance at Milan—Signor Tamagno as Otello, and M. Maurel as Iago. These gentlemen gave grand effect to the music and the dramatic interest of their respective parts; and Signora Catanéo was tender and sentimental as Desdemona, which character (although not its original representative) she has successfully sustained many times at La Scala, Milan. The part of Cassio was well filled by Signor Paroli (as at Milan), as was the character of Emilia by Signora Mattiuzzi; and Signori Durini, Silvestri, and Marini were efficient respectively as Roderigo, Ludovico, and Montano. The choral portions of the opera were well sung, and the important orchestral details were finely played by the band, which included many of the principal professors of the Milan Conservatoire, Signor Faccio, the eminent conductor, of La Scala, Milan, having presided skilfully over the general performance.

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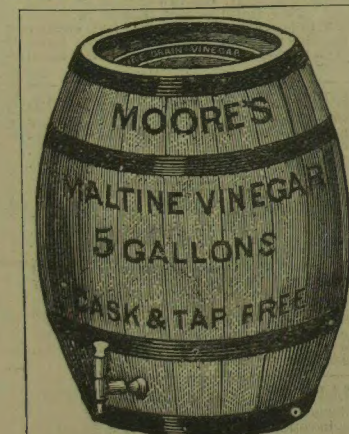
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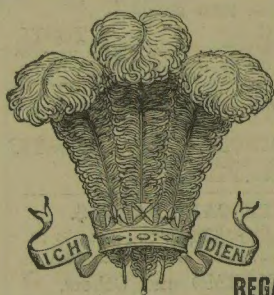
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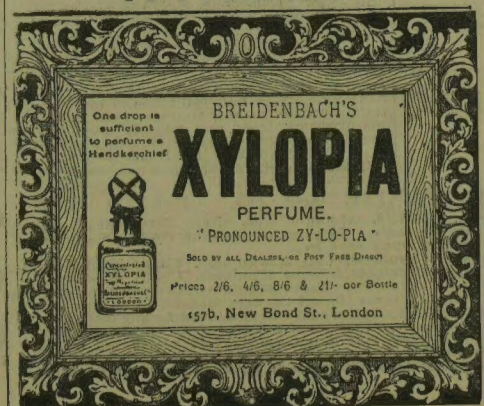
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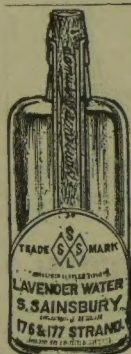
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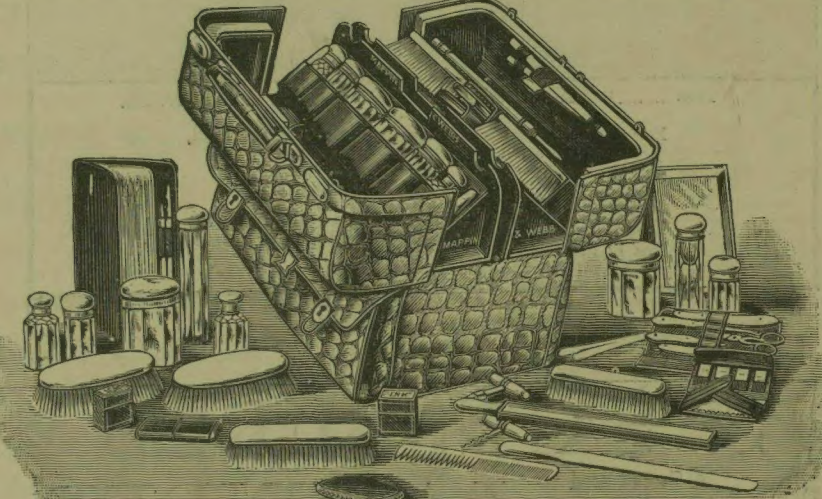
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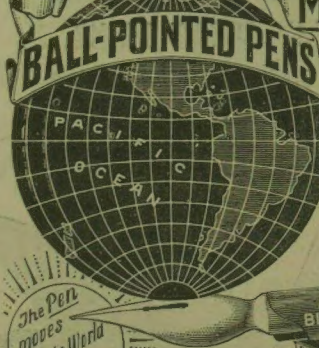
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